

Common Ground

One World Revisited

Norman Corwin

RACIAL DEMOCRACY—THE NAVY WAY

Lester B. Granger

THE FOREIGNER Helen Waite Papashvily

SOUTHERN JOURNEY Owen Dodson

GRANDMOTHER Frank Mlakar

THE GREAT AMERICAN SWINDLE Bradford Smith

FIRE-WORDS Louis Binstock

ROUND-UP Carey McWilliams

HITTING PREJUDICE WITH KNOWLEDGE

Arnold Rose

— *and others* —

50c.

WINTER 1947



The authors of ANY-
THING CAN HAPPEN
are in the news again with
another volume of rich
delight.

GEORGE
AND HELEN

PAPASHVILY

Yes and No STORIES

"I haven't read anything
which charmed me so much
since I read the *Uncle Re-
mus* tales."

—ROARK BRADFORD

Illustrated by
SIMON LISSIM

At all bookstores
\$2.50

**HARPER &
BROTHERS
NEW YORK 16**

Readers of *Common Ground* who remem-
ber the first appearance of *Anything Can
Happen* in this magazine will revel in this
volume of captivating folk tales from
Russian Georgia. "Here is the Papashvily
talent for understanding a ridiculous and
so often cockeyed world . . . the quite mad,
yet gentle humor which makes even a des-
perate situation not quite so bad after all.
. . . This, like the first one, is Papashvily
himself. And anyone who liked him once
is going to like him again."—Joseph
Henry Jackson.

CONTENTS

TITLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
ONE WORLD REVISITED	Norman Corwin	3
THE FOREIGNER	Helen Waite Papashvily	18
SOUTHERN JOURNEY	Owen Dodson	24
STEREOTYPES IN INTERCULTURAL EDUCATION	Alfred G. Fisk	28
THE GREAT AMERICAN SWINDLE	Bradford Smith	34
HITTING PREJUDICE WITH KNOWLEDGE	Arnold Rose	39
GRANDMOTHER	Frank Mlakar	45
CALVARY WAY	May Miller	52
WHAT KIND OF AMERICA FOR THEM?	Photographs by Elizabeth Colman	53
RACIAL DEMOCRACY—THE NAVY WAY	Lester B. Granger	61
COURT-MARTIAL	Philip Thayer	69
HUNTING	Edith Witt	74
FREEDOM TRAIN	Hilda W. Smith	80
FIRE-WORDS	Louis Binstock	82
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE ONE WE USED TO HAVE?	Cartoon by Herblock	85
START THE SEMESTER WITH A NEIGHBORHOOD PARTY	Arthur Katona	88
ROUND-UP	Carey McWilliams	91

DEPARTMENTS

Intergroup Education, conducted by Leo Shapiro, 96

The Common Council at Work, 100

The Pursuit of Liberty, conducted by Milton R. Konvitz, 102

The Bookshelf, conducted by Henry C. Tracy, 105

COMMON GROUND. Published quarterly by Common Council for American Unity. \$2.00 a year; 50 cents a copy. Copyright 1947, by Common Council for American Unity, Incorporated. Printed at the Princeton University Press. Editorial and publication office, 20 West 40th Street, New York 18, New York. Manuscripts must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes. Entered as second-class matter September 15, 1940, at the post office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

COMMON GROUND is published by the COMMON COUNCIL FOR AMERICAN UNITY,
Willkie Memorial Building, 20 West 40th Street, New York 18, N.Y.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

NICHOLAS KELLEY <i>Chairman</i>	SIGURD J. ARNESEN	JAMES L. HOUGHTELING
	EDWARD FISHER BROWN	NICHOLAS KALASHNIKOFF
JOHN PALMER GAVIT	ALLEN T. BURNS	MRS. JAMES A. KENNEDY
WILL IRWIN	FRED M. BUTZEL	FRANK J. LAUSCHE
JOSEPHINE ROCHE <i>Vice-Chairmen</i>	MRS. THOMAS CAPEK	READ LEWIS
	MALCOLM W. DAVIS	MRS. JACOB A. RIIS
	ELIZABETH EASTMAN	MARIAN SCHIBSBY
ROBERT D. KOHN <i>Treasurer</i>	EDWARD J. ENNIS	DONALD YOUNG
	SYLVAN GOTSHAL	EUGENE H. ZACAT
	EARL G. HARRISON	

ADVISORY EDITORIAL BOARD

VAN WYCK BROOKS	MARY ELLEN CHASE	THOMAS MANN
PEARL BUCK	LANGSTON HUGHES	LIN YUTANG
	ALVIN JOHNSON	

M. MARGARET ANDERSON
Editor

READ LEWIS, *Executive Director*

The COMMON COUNCIL FOR AMERICAN UNITY has the following purposes:

To help create among the American people the unity and mutual understanding resulting from a common citizenship, a common belief in democracy and the ideals of liberty, the placing of the common good before the interests of any group, and the acceptance, in fact as well as in law, of all citizens, whatever their national or racial origins, as equal partners in American life.

To further an appreciation of what each group has contributed to America, to uphold the freedom to be different, and to encourage the growth of an American culture which will be truly representative of all the elements that make up the American people.

To overcome intolerance and discrimination because of national origin, race, or creed.

To help the foreign-born and their children solve their special problems of adjustment, know and value their particular cultural heritage, and share fully and constructively in American life.

The work of the Council is supported by memberships and contributions: Subscribing Membership, \$3; Participating, \$5; Co-operating, \$10; Contributing, \$25; Supporting, \$50; Sustaining, \$100 and over. All memberships include subscription to COMMON GROUND. Subscription to COMMON GROUND alone is \$2.



ONE WORLD REVISITED

NORMAN CORWIN

(Norman Corwin was the 1946 winner of the One World Award, established by the Common Council for American Unity and the Willkie Memorial of Freedom House to recognize and encourage contributions to the idea of One World, particularly in the fields of mass communication such as the press, radio, and motion pictures. The Award takes the form of a round-the-world trip by air, patterned after the historic flight of Wendell Willkie in 1942. Mr. Corwin's report on his trip was given before a meeting of the two sponsoring organizations in the Willkie Memorial Building in New York City, November 8, 1946.)

WHETHER this mission has succeeded, I am the least able to judge. Its main accomplishments are not yet fully unpacked; indeed, not even fully arrived. For, on the way around, between the many formalities of a social and political nature, we managed to record a hundred hours of the voices and opinions of people, big and little, of seventeen countries. These recordings, made on spools of magnetic wire, were sent home by American diplomatic pouch, and so fast was our journeying that we have beaten some of them back. Ultimately, they will be heard on the air; and I feel that it will be from

these results that the value of the mission can be appraised.

The flight was made under excellent auspices, and we were cordially received everywhere. The great name of Wendell Willkie, in whose memory the Award was established, cast its aura before us. It is not every traveler who can be guided by so sure a spiritual compass. One of our prime objectives along the way was to measure, against Mr. Willkie's findings of 1942, the progress, or lack of progress, since his time, of the concept of One World. These measurements, as we made them to the best of our ability, appear in this report at all points where our route overlapped that of Mr. Willkie's. Elsewhere the soundings are without benefit of historical comparison.

Physically, the dimensions of the trip were these: 37,000 miles, flown on the ships of 19 different commercial and military airlines, in something less than 200 hours. It is a commentary on today's aviation that, in all this flying across oceans and deserts, mountains, swamps, fjords, across some of the most forbidding terrain in the world, in directions not only west to east, but from as far north as Scandinavia to as far south as New Zealand, through fog, wind, rain, snow, and monsoon, there was not a moment of tension

COMMON GROUND

and hardly ever a bump harder than what you might get in the back seat of a well-cushioned automobile on a country road.

I shall present to you the bare outline of the trip by geographical progression. If I were to spend as little time as five minutes on each country, it would take an hour and a half, so I had better skip lightly over all but a few accountings and reserve for the end my broadest judgments.

One last prefatory note. Underneath the hard surface of names and places, behind the façades of palaces and parliaments, are the millions of people, to each of whom his own freedom and security, his needs and problems, or those of his loved ones, are the most important issues in the world. These people are represented by hundreds of miles of wire in our collection, but more importantly for this report, in which (for time's sake) they do not conspicuously appear, they form the foundation upon which I base my summary conclusions.

On June 15th, I left New York in the company of Lee Bland, who was to operate the wire recorder supplied the mission by the Columbia Broadcasting System. Our first stop was London, our second Paris. As these are two of the best observed and reported capitals in the world, I can tell you little you don't know about them. In the few rainy days we spent in London, we recorded, among others, the Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee, at 10 Downing Street—incidentally, a concession to exclusive recording unprecedented for Mr. Attlee or any previous prime minister. I also recorded Phillip Noel-Baker, then Minister of State, now Minister of Air; Lord Van Sittart, for the conservative view; J. B. Priestley, for quite the opposite; Sir Alexander Flem-

ing, the discoverer of penicillin, in his laboratory.

One of the best statements I took out of England was Mr. Attlee's on the subject of current tensions about the peace. We sat at the long, bare table in the cabinet room, Mr. Attlee speaking in an attitude of relaxation. He was wearing a cardigan sweater and puffing a pipe. "I don't think," he said, "that we ought to get despondent too early and too easily, because of national characteristics or selfish interests. After all, we are trying to clear up after the greatest war in history, to destroy overnight these problems and a great many more left over from the first world war. The trouble, of course, is that all of this does not make for dramatic news, but I think it is worthwhile to have some idea as to the activities in which we are in agreement. . . . The first thing is to realize that there's something quite different in peace from 'No more war.' If you continually think of the prevention of war, you don't get very far. You've got to think of positive peace, and that really depends on a greater understanding, not just between governments but between peoples, not just about policies, but about ways of life. We are all engaged in the great adventure of democracy, which is a tremendous adventure, and for which every nation's got its special contribution to make. If we consider what contribution we can make, rather than looking at what we think some other nation is not making, I think we shall do better."

France, in late June, was forming its Bidault cabinet. Mr. Bidault was unavailable to be recorded, but I did interview the official spokesmen for each of the three major parties: Maurice Schumann for the MRP; Florimonde Bonté for the Communists; and Daniel Mayer, since unseated, for the Socialists. For the con-

servative wing of arts and letters, André Siegfried of the French Academy; for the radical wing, Luis Aragon, the Communist poet.

Mr. Schumann, who was very close to De Gaulle during the war, was bristling with opinions, especially on the subject of Germany. "I think it is suicidal," he said, "for both East and West to build Germany up in their respective spheres. For then Germany will unite, and German union within is the inverse of unity without."

Mr. Schumann felt that we should at once share the secret of the atom bomb with Russia, explaining that Russia had suffered hurt pride in her diplomatic setbacks up to that time. He felt that leadership in world affairs rested with the United States as a country without territorial or imperialistic ambitions.

The concept of international unity was, it seemed to me, gaining ground in France. At the end of June there was a big four-day conference of intellectuals called "French Thought in the Service of the Country." But by country they meant mankind. Less than a fortnight later there was a three-day international Congress of Radio Arts.

The first high-gear welcome to the mission came in Denmark, where the municipality of Copenhagen produced a reception of state and a program of meetings with Foreign Minister Rasmussen, Finance Minister Kristensen, Minister for Special Affairs Federspiel. At that time, you may recall, war talk in America and Britain was far louder than it is today, and it was against this setting that Christmas Moeller, conservative leader, said to me of his hopes for the immediate future, "It is impossible to live if you are not an optimist." I was assured later that the whole of Denmark was optimistic, though its people were plainly worried about matters such as the hun-

dred thousand Germans still interned in their midst, a great number for a small population to support. The Danes were rationing butter, exporting it in exchange for needed credits. But their moral tone was good, and on the question of One World they were as interested as any people later met with. In fact, at the moment, they were hosts to a great number of Polish and Dutch exchange students, solely for the purposes of cultural exchange.

From Copenhagen we flew to Oslo and found there that the Norwegians, who fought the hardest war of any Scandinavians, were also fighting the hardest peace. They were economically hard pressed, short of most commodities; food was rationed. The traveler could not exchange Norwegian for Swedish krone, or vice-versa; air traffic between Oslo and Stockholm, less than 300 miles apart, was so light a single small Junker 88 could handle the daily traffic.

In Oslo I recorded, among others, the Foreign Minister Halvard Lange, one of the most brilliant young statesmen whom I met on the way around. At one point in the interview I complimented him on the wisdom of an observation. "It is easy to be wise in a small country," he said. "Nobody has any reason to fear us."

Sweden, through its foreign office and Radiotjänst, the government radio system, gave us warm and friendly reception. Stockholm, as you have heard, is well off. Except for high piles of firewood lining the streets against the coming winter (a measure of its severe fuel shortage), Stockholm seemed as sleek and prosperous as any big American city. I recorded Prince Bertil, son of the Crown Prince, representing the royal family; several members of parliament; a number of artists, writers, workers, and farmers. The statement of Prince Bertil was one of the most democratic and internationally minded

COMMON GROUND

utterances of any person of high rank whom we encountered.

Perhaps indicative of the seriousness which Scandinavia attaches to the idea of One World, were statements expressly prepared for me by the foreign ministers of each country, to the effect that none would enter a power bloc which threatened the peace. Mr. Lange's exact words on the point were, "Norway is not prepared to join any combination which may be regarded as a potential threat by other nations."

The Swedish statement went a step further. It said: "We should try to the best of our ability to counteract the lining-up of the powers in different ideological blocs. If there should appear a tendency to a division of the Great Powers into dual camps, our policy must be not to let ourselves be forced into any such grouping or bloc."

From Sweden to Poland we flew on the maiden voyage of a Swedish DC4, freshly delivered from Santa Monica. Between no other two cities in the world could there be a greater contrast than between Stockholm, the cool and beautiful Venice of the upper latitudes, unscathed by war, and Warsaw, a vast wreck, dusty, broiling in the July sun, its people standing in line for hours after completing a day's work, ultimately to climb and stand aboard open trucks that would take them to their ruined homes. That was their only form of transport.

On arrival, we were met by a man representing the Polish radio. He conveyed the greetings of the ministry of foreign affairs. "I am instructed to tell you," he said, "that you are invited to go anywhere you please in Poland, to see anybody you wish, and to discuss any subject of your choosing." The Poles kept to the letter of their invitation, furnishing

us at the same time with a sound truck and technicians to facilitate our work.

During our stay in Poland the terrible pogrom of July 6th occurred in Kielce. We took our microphone around Warsaw to test at random the reaction of Polish workers and officials. To a man, those whom we questioned were indignant, and most were quick to put the blame on the influence, if not the direct machinations, of the Anders Poles, whose anti-Semitic and generally Nazi program was already notorious well beyond the borders of Poland. In a power plant on the bank of the Vistula, a worker told me, "The pogrom does not represent Poland. It represents fascism. It is a criminal attempt to embarrass the Warsaw government." The consensus of American correspondents in Warsaw at the moment was about the same. It seemed to them, as to me, significant that all but one newspaper in Warsaw published editorials condemning the pogrom and insisting that the perpetrators be tracked down and brought to justice. The exception was the official organ of Mikolajczyk's Peasant Party. Up to the time I left Warsaw, three days after the news of the pogrom, no editorial comment had been forthcoming from Mikolajczyk's paper, and the conspicuousness of the silence was then being commented upon by the rest of the press.

I recorded an interview with President Boleslaw Bierut in the Belvedere Palace. Mr. Bierut is a man with a strong, even a powerful, face, but with a geniality, a warmth and a twinkle of eye which soften his expression. For a whole hour he talked out the answers to my questions before he would permit them to be recorded. Only when he was satisfied they had had the benefit of ample thought did he commit them to wire. Mr. Bierut was concerned about Poland's interlock-

ing problems of reconstruction, education, and economy. These topics took up most of our exchange. But beyond this he was worried about peace and security. "The gravest peril to us all today," he said, "is that the democracies are not aware of the recrudescence of fascism wherever it occurs." Later I was to find President Bierut's concern on this score echoed in many other capitals.

At a press conference in Warsaw I was asked the questions which by now I had come to expect from local newspapermen: the nature of the Award, objectives of the trip, and so forth, but here, for the first time, appeared queries involving the so-called iron curtain. The Polish press was curious as to whether I had run up against censorship, and I was able to answer that I had not. In my conversations with American correspondents—eight of them were staying at the same hotel (the only hotel, by the way, left standing in the city by the Germans)—I learned that the Polish government was scanning copies of all outgoing dispatches, but that no attempt was being made to censor.

On a bright July morning we left Warsaw on a Red Army plane for Moscow. It was a lend-lease DC3, and stenciled on a motor cowling in perfectly good American was the legend, "Use Filler-Neck Type Oil Heater." The Russians fly their planes well, but informally: no safety belts, no food aboard, nothing resembling a steward. Thanks to a mystery of currency exchange which baffles me to this day, the fare for Bland, myself, and 350 pounds of luggage, from Warsaw to Moscow, a distance of almost 900 miles, came to \$17.66. I understand this was the result of an occluded front between the zloty and the ruble.

In Moscow we were the guests of Voks, the Society for Foreign Cultural Relations. This society has headquarters in an

unattractive section of the city, but the building itself is handsome and comfortable in a deeply capitalist way, like the reading room of the Union Club. We didn't stay there, but one night in a long conference room at Voks, there was a literary forum on the subject of a book of mine called *On a Note of Triumph*. Sixteen Soviet critics tore it line from line, with a few dissidents, including myself, contending it couldn't be as reactionary as all that.

On arriving, Voks asked whom we would like to see and what we wanted to do. I submitted a great number of items, including a request to see leaders of the Russian government, but none of these interviews was arranged. I did, however, have a chance to meet and record a great number of common and uncommon people, including the composers Prokofieff, Maikovsky, Schneerson, and Kachaturian, the film director Eisenstein, the architect Alabgian, who is in charge of the reconstruction of Stalingrad, and the journalist Zaslavsky, a columnist on the staff of Pravda. We recorded children and soldiers in the Park of Rest and Culture, farmers at a collective, people in the Moscow subway.

My total impression can be summed up simply: that our recent ally, so often spoken of as though she were our recent enemy, suffered wounds graver than we generally believe or acknowledge.

The incidence of maimed and blinded veterans on the streets of Moscow was higher than I have seen anywhere else; the people were dressed plainly to poorly; I found few commodities on the shelves of the city's greatest department store. Americans on leave from UNRRA work in the Ukraine told me the devastation there was beyond imagination, and that I had seen only a preview of it in Poland.

Nevertheless, there were bright things about the economy. A few days before we

arrived, prices of a whole series of commodities had been slashed as much as 50 per cent; the first motor cars for civilian use were coming from the factories.

I was astonished to find no war talk in the capital. The ordinary people whom I questioned about it were puzzled, and asked, "But why should there be a war?" Among the intellectuals whom we recorded, there was definite awareness of hostility from the West, but this took the form mostly of worry, or even resentment, never of the outright hostility which we so often hear expressed in this country toward Russia. For example, when I asked Eisenstein how soon he was going to pay another visit to the United States, he replied, "When your people are less hostile to our country."

Of the "iron curtain" in Russia, I can only report that I was never interfered with; that I recorded people at random and was not required to submit my questions in advance; neither were the recordings reviewed. The Russians were certainly aware that upon my return I could, if I wished, check every last interpretation for accuracy, since both the original Russian and the official interpretation of it are contained on the wire. As for other forms of censorship, they certainly exist. American correspondents must submit their outgoing copy, and I saw some that had been pretty well combed. Not much in the way of American literature is being imported, either; I saw no Russian edition of Reader's Digest or Life International on sale anywhere. As for the Police State, I have three inconclusive grains of evidence: 1) Bland was almost arrested on Red Square for taking photographs of the Kremlin without a permit; 2) we saw more police in Moscow on the day of the great sports parade than we saw in all other countries put together; 3) we were not constantly followed and escorted—indeed, our chief

complaint was that we had too many evenings in which to shift for ourselves without any escort and with no knowledge of the language of the realm.

We did not see any high government officials here; with the exceptions of France and Egypt this was the only country on our itinerary where this element of our reportage was missing. The arts and sciences were well represented, however. It was the scientist Kapitza who coined one of the trip's best epigrams: "Using atomic energy only for the atom bomb," he said, "is like using electricity only for the electric chair." Prokofieff, commenting on Brooks Atkinson's then recent charge that Soviet art was dull and reactionary, said, "Of course there is some dull and reactionary art in the Soviet Union. But that is not our best art, and it will perish. The good art, the progressive art, will go on living."

And it was Prokofieff also, who gave the strongest endorsement of cultural interchange. "Even the exchange between countries of a single sheet of music," he said, "is important. For culture is the best meeting ground of the people."

From Moscow we retraced our flight to Warsaw and carried on beyond to Prague, flying swiftly and comfortably over the 1200-odd miles, every foot of which had cost so much blood in the long historic counter-offensive of the Russian armies. The capital of Czechoslovakia seemed the brightest and happiest of any continental city we had yet struck. The coalition cabinet of four parties—Communist, Social Democrat, National Socialist, and People's Catholic—was getting along well; the country, by all qualified reports, had made the best recovery of any in an actual war zone; and the experiment of reconciling socialism and private enterprise by running them side by side seemed to be working out to the profit and satisfaction of the Czechs.

ONE WORLD REVISITED

I asked President Beneš, in his office in the Hradčany Palace, whether it were true that Czechoslovakia had been the quickest to regain a solid footing after the war, and if so, why. He replied: "It is true. The reasons are complicated and numerous. I can tell you only a few of them. First, we had not been devastated by war in such a degree as many of the European countries were. Second, the German occupation had a special result on the morale of the Czech population: we never resigned, never; our morale was very high at the moment when the Germans began to be beaten, and so when the work of reconstruction began in our country, we were psychologically and morally better equipped than other countries. The third reason was that we felt that we in no way had contributed to the general disaster of the world and of Czechoslovakia. As you know, according to my view, the war began with Munich."

Not the least remarkable grain of hope for One World was the example of a scientific body which I found working in Czechoslovakia. This was the Medical Teaching Mission of the Unitarian Service Committee, a group of outstanding American doctors who had volunteered to bring to the Czech people some of the medical and surgical techniques and drugs from which they had been cut off during the long Nazi occupation. These doctors, working without compensation and taking time away from their extensive practices at home, lectured to the medical faculties of Czech universities, performed operations, conducted clinics. This gesture of goodwill, which had the full cooperation of our State Department as well as UNRRA, was not lost on the Czechs. One of several appreciative articles to appear in the Czech press was entitled, "This Is What International Relations Ought to Be."

I recorded Dr. Erwin Kohn of New

York City, administrative officer of the medical mission, on the same day I recorded students, lawyers, Minister Plenipotentiary Jan Papanek, and a group of miners in the Beneš mine at Kladno. The miners especially were highly voluble on foreign affairs, and it was clear that their orientation was toward the Soviet Union. They spoke of their "Soviet brothers" and declared their security lay to the East; that they could not trust the West after what had happened at Munich. They seemed to hold me personally responsible for the disposition of Trieste, the American policy toward Spain, and our occupation policy in Germany. They were critical of some of America's internal race relations; some exhorted me to nationalize the American coal mines, as had been done in Czechoslovakia. When we were through recording and ready to leave, a delegation came over and asked, in a tone of self-reproach, whether perhaps they had not been too outspokenly critical of America, hence unfriendly to me as a visitor. I assured them I had wanted them to speak their minds, and not to say things merely to please me.

While in Prague we met with Ambassador Steinhardt and were given every help in the performance of our mission by the American Embassy. On leaving Prague there was a bit of conversation at the airport which I could not fail to overhear, because it flashed right across me. André Simone, the well-known Czech writer and now a member of the Czech ministry of press, asked a member of the American Embassy who was seeing me off, "Why is your Embassy so hostile to us?" The hostility was denied, but it was a disturbing note upon which to leave.

From Prague we flew to Rome, doglegging via Paris and Marseilles. We found Italy in great turmoil following its recent elections. Hunger and unemployment were on the upswing. Our street in-

interviews in the capital provoked the most emotional and at the same time confused response of any similar recording session. One man, after proclaiming that the Italian people had had their fill of war forever, instructed me: "Tell America we need their help. Tell them we are ready to fight the Communists and Yugoslavs whenever the United States is ready."

We had a private audience with the Pope in his apartments in the Vatican, and we recorded an interview with Premier De Gasperi, leader of the Demo-Christian party, in the old palace. We also questioned the Action Party leader La Malfa, the Communist leader Tagliatti, the writer Amadei, who wrote the film *The Open City*, and the talented Rossolini, who directed it.

One day we drove by jeep to the mountain village of Lanuvio to see conditions in a typical war-torn sector. The plight of the villagers was one of the saddest of the many tragic things we encountered on the trip. Typical was a hungry family of ten living in an abandoned wine cellar among casks, cobwebs, dust, and vermin, with stray garlands of onions hanging from the ceiling and a horse taking up most of the floor space. The voices of these people are in our log.

From Rome we flew in seven hours to Cairo. To anybody traveling in an easterly direction along the route we followed, Egypt is the take-off point for squalor, disease, and ignorance. We were there in the month of Ramadan, holy to the Moslem calendar, and at night the famed Mohammed Ali Mosque was beautifully floodlit. But that seemed about the only thing in Egypt upon which light was being shed, for the ignorance and poverty of the masses was appalling.

I asked a young Egyptian, who was going blind with trachoma, why he didn't have his eyes attended to at a clinic. He shook his head, pointed to the sky, and

said, "Allah is in heaven. If He wills me to be blind, I will be blind." I asked another man whether he was relieved that the war was over. He denied that the war had ended; said it was British propaganda; said that Hitler would most certainly win. Still another, a man of about 40, said he had never seen a movie or heard a radio; said he had no curiosity about either.

On August 9th, during my visit, the Egyptians formally celebrated their independence. However, there seemed to be little sentiment among the celebrants toward granting similar independence to the Sudan a few hundred miles to the south, over which nation Egypt and Britain exercise a condominium. The Sidky Pasha regime seemed absorbed deeply in a witch-hunt of liberals at the moment, and if there was any awareness of the concept of One World in any walk of Egyptian life, I completely missed it.

The political climate and conditions of life were even worse in India, which was our next stop. The day after we put in at New Delhi, Mr. Jinnah, the Moslem leader, issued his call for Direct Action against the Congress. The call was answered all too literally, and the action took the form of the riots concerning which you have read.

Amid the horror of the wholesale atrocities of communal rioting, it was calming to hear from Pandit Nehru, in a 45-minute recorded interview, a constructive statement of great earnestness. In the course of a remarkable flow of extemporaneous speech, he said, "We have tried all along to think that India cannot and should not live an isolated existence, but must co-operate with the rest of the world. We try to co-operate with our neighbors; but really the ideal we have before us is world co-operation. And that can only be based on world freedom. You cannot co-operate with people who are not free and who

ONE WORLD REVISITED

are suffering from all manner of complexes, from fear, and all the rest. Therefore, those countries who have power and influence in the world of today should, themselves, take the lead in this matter, and work out, as rapidly as possible, the ideal—call it the Four Freedoms or what you like—that no nation, no people should be subjected to another, no race should be considered an inferior race, as a race. The only way, really, for even the most advanced nations to carry on in the future is for backward nations to come up; to remove poverty and co-operate in the task of raising humanity as a whole, and not concentrate so much on a particular area of it. If that viewpoint is adopted and acted up to, perhaps not wholly, but in a large measure, then maybe the whole psychological atmosphere of the world will change. Because, apart from economic and political conflicts, perhaps at the back of it all is this big psychological conflict: dislike of each other, fear of each other. If a big lead was given in the direction of removing this complex of fear, then probably we'd get much more rapidly to the One World of which Wendell Willkie talked."

In New Delhi, I also had an off-the-record interview with the Viceroy, Viscount R. A. Wavell, hero of the first successful North African campaign. I am sorry I can tell you nothing about it. The Viceroy is a colorful man and what he had to say bore importantly on the immediate situation.

We left the capital and flew for a great part of the way to Calcutta over the flooded Ganges. Fires were burning in Calcutta as we approached for a landing at the military airdrome of Dum Dum. This city, never a joy at best, was by far the unhappiest of our entire trip. The slaughter you know about. We saw a hundred or so of the thousands of corpses produced by the fanatic religious

war. I shall not revolt you with morbid details of the fighting; and it would be arrogant for me to comment upon a situation so complex that men who have given years to the study of India's problems shrug their shoulders when you ask about prospects of Indian unity within any reasonable period of time.

From Calcutta we flew by Chinese National Airlines over the hump to Burma, thence to Shanghai via Kunming and Hankow.

I must say at once that our mission—I have been calling it that because it was regarded as such by most foreign governments—was received with extraordinary hospitality in China. Scores of Chinese whom I met in Shanghai, Nanking, and Peiping had either met Willkie when he visited Chungking in 1942, or knew about him and his concept. I was told at least fifty times by proud Chinese that the idea of One World had ancient beginnings on their soil, and had had the service of no less distinguished an exponent than Confucius, who wrote, centuries ago, "Under heaven, one family." It is a motto popular in China today and may be found among the most honored inscriptions on public buildings.

Unfortunately, as the world well knows, China itself is by no means one family under heaven. The facts of the civil war, its origins and ramifications, you have already gathered, or can do so, from qualified historians and observers, among whom I do not number myself. All that I can tell you is that I met a great many spokesmen for the Kuomintang, including the Ministers of Education and Information; a few spokesmen for the Chinese Communists, including Gen. Chou-En Lai; and a number of Americans who are implementing our government's policies there. And my total impression is that in spite of the goodwill, honesty, and integrity of most

Americans on the scene, our role in Chinese affairs simply cannot be described as neutral.

I went to Peiping expressly to observe the so-called Executive Headquarters, a unique experiment in trouble-shooting which I don't think ever quite received the publicity and glamour it merits. This organization consists of entire staffs in triplicate: Nationalist, Communist, and American personnel for each post, all operating under three Commissioners. Any one may veto a decision, so that whatever issues from headquarters represents total agreement. The organization was set up by General Marshall as a sort of fire brigade, to put out smolderings wherever they occurred on the long incendiary front between the Nationalist and Communist forces. More than 30 field teams, each consisting of three members, were dispersed—at times simultaneously—over a vast area of China. It worked in this way: whenever trouble arose, a field team was dispatched at once to the area and remained on the spot until the situation was cleared up. In cases where the situation deteriorated or was hopeless, the field team of course had to leave. But the overall work of the headquarters was successful and constructive, until widening differences in Nanking undid much of its accomplishments and made its tasks almost impossible.

At Peiping I recorded the United States Commissioner, Walter Robertson; the Kuomintang Commissioner, General Cheng; and the Communist Commissioner, General Yeh. The session itself did not notably produce unity, for the Communist Commissioner, contrary to prior understanding, discussed matters beyond the scope of the interview and very soon met with spirited objection from his fellow commissioners.

The situation in China appeared fairly unhealthy for the liberal opposed to

both Kuomintang and Communist; in Kunming, for example, an eminent professor, a non-Communist, delivered a speech attacking certain policies of the Kuomintang government. The professor was assassinated. A fellow member of the faculty, equally renowned, delivered a bitter oration at the funeral of his colleague. He too was assassinated—upon leaving the chapel, I am told. Liberals complained to me that it was safer to be a Communist than a Liberal, because the Communists were backed up by an army and accordingly enjoyed a measure of respect from the government.

In our brief stay there, the distribution of our time was such that I talked more with officials and government leaders and less with common people than I had in other countries—although, of course, I saw the latter by the tens of thousands, which is easy to do in China, and took note of the conditions under which they lived. My own evidence is unimportant, but I think highly worthy of the record are a few excerpts of a letter which I received soon after my visit from a friend of mine, a woman of about 50, who was doing relief work in Henyang. "No one who has not seen a famine," she wrote, "can imagine the suffering of mass starvation. Hundreds of people wandering dazed and lost in the streets—many of them lying in the middle of the street dying of dysentery—many of them hobbling along with the most terrible leg ulcers covered with flies. The children were the most haunting—little animated skeletons looking old as the hills, the skin drawn back from the teeth as though the mouth itself were going out before seeking food. The Chinese themselves seemed not to see them! I suppose they have grown accustomed to the sight of human suffering. . . . The obstacles and frustrations (of our work) are unbelievable . . . no supplies; then supplies and no trucks; then

trucks and no gas; no communications, no water, no light—never any escape from the hideous tasks. We got a lot done in spite of it all—8 milk centers, 4 large orphan homes, 8 refugee centers, a sewing project to make clothing out of flour bags, a pick-up service to pick up dead and sick on the streets, and a permanent child welfare committee. In the face of so many discouraging situations in the world I am cheered by reading phrases like international welfare, economic, social, health organizations, international refugee organization, international banking, international agricultural production—as yet they mean very little but they promise much. Just to begin to use the words ‘International World’ in relation to human welfare, so frequently, is significant.”

From Shanghai we flew to Tokyo. We found the city and the countryside quiet. Even a demonstration of thousands of Japanese before the Soviet Embassy demanding the speedier return of Japanese war prisoners held by the Russians was low-key and barely above a murmur. I had an off-the-record interview with General MacArthur at supreme headquarters, and an informal meeting with our ambassador, George Acheson. I interviewed Japanese citizens along the Ginza, and I had my ear bent by a dozen American, British, and Australian correspondents at the Press Club where we were staying. Most of my comment on Japan, I am afraid, would be a mere triangulation of hearsay, and much of the rest of it would be limited by pledges to keep certain information and observation off the record; but before I advance to the next point, I feel compelled to say that our policy toward the Japanese Emperor is, to put it mildly, bewildering. Whether Hirohito is a war criminal I am hardly qualified to adjudicate, but even if no question whatever exists on this score, how is one to explain the program of renewed glorifi-

cation of the Emperor, which has been progressing now for a period of months? Very recently you have seen pictures in the New York press of His Majesty again meeting the Japanese people. His role of benevolent ex-god has been carried to factories, rice farms, and to more Japanese cities than he ever appeared in before we took over the country. Why?

Leaving this and other curious phenomena behind us, we flew, via Okinawa, into the humid heat of Luzon.

Few countries which have achieved independence peacefully have risen to nationhood with so little splendor as the republic of the Philippines. Manila, next to Warsaw among big cities, is the world's worst shambles, of course not counting the victims of atom bombing. The city was in bad shape in every way, physically, morally, politically, economically. Unemployment and crime were rising, and so was ill-feeling between Filipinos and Americans. I note that General MacArthur has taken cognizance of this deterioration in an official statement.

Among the common people whom we recorded, there was a division of sentiment about the virtues of independence. Some attributed increasing unemployment to the withdrawal of so many American military and naval personnel; others thought we should get our troops out faster and stay farther away. There was open resentment against the Philippine Trade Act, by which the Philippines deny themselves the right to levy duties on United States goods for a long period. There was open fighting against the Hukbalahaps, a peasant movement—fighting which has since spread to Mindanao, Negros, and southern Luzon. There was indignation in some quarters because the Philippine Congress had voted to unseat Congressmen from Hukbalahap districts, claiming they were not legally elected.

In Manila, I recorded interviews with

COMMON GROUND

President Roxas and Ambassador Paul V. McNutt, as well as with supporters and critics of their policies. Nowhere was there much sentiment for One World, the general view being that it will be a cold day in Luzon when all is quiet again and the wounds of war are healed.

We flew by American troopcarrier from Manila to Brisbane, via the much-damaged port of Darwin, then from Brisbane by Australian service to Sydney. After the oppressive heat and the even more oppressive life encountered all the way from Egypt to the Philippines, the atmosphere of Sydney was so tonic and vital that your travelers, weary by this time, were immediately refreshed. Australia was thriving in as many directions as China and the Philippines were not. Its national elections fell across our calendar, and the Labor government was returned without any great contest. The country was discovering its great cultural potential: we attended the premiere of an Australian-made feature film which stood up very well against the better Hollywood product; symphony orchestras, recently organized in Sydney and Melbourne, were playing to subscription lists totaling 20,000 people. The country took pride in a new opera singer; in the accomplished young painter William Dobell; in the striking primitive canvases of an aboriginal painter; in its younger writers; in a new rhapsodic composition by a young composer, based on dance themes of the aboriginals. It was one of the few countries in our path where radio is regarded as a medium capable of producing art and where efforts in this direction are made.

One feature of the Australian political system which I thought worthy of note was compulsory voting. If a voter there does not exercise this prime function and duty of citizenship, he is fined. Moreover, the names of candidates on their ballots are printed without party designation or

affiliation. It is assumed that the electors should be sufficiently acquainted with the names and qualifications of candidates by the time they reach the polls. Thus the emphasis is removed from the party machine and placed on the individual.

Australia is a vast country, its potential enormous; its prospects verge on greatness. Many Australians today hold the view that their country is a natural and logical haven for millions of Europeans uprooted and displaced by war; that such stock, being polyglot, and made (as the victims of fascism usually are) of the best and not the worst elements of society, would enrich their commonwealth, just as the influx of European immigrants in the latter part of the 19th century brought America a new strength.

Among people of all walks—and I interviewed Prime Minister Chifley, Premier McKells of New South Wales, dockhands, sheep-shearers, educators, factory workers, clerks, intellectuals—the basic tenets of the idea of One World had interested and often enthusiastic support.

We flew across the Tasman Sea in a converted Sunderland flying boat and landed in Auckland, the crowded, humming first city of New Zealand. In this country, as in Czechoslovakia, we found in operation a bold experiment in social patterns. New Zealand, though permitting no small degree of private enterprise, has given the highest priority to security for all its people in the way of housing, health, maternity, old age. If a man is ill, for example, he goes to his own doctor, to any doctor of his choosing, and pays a standard fee of about 10 shillings. He can pay more if he wants, of course. No law against that. But of the 10 shillings, seven are reimbursed to the patient by the government. If the physician prescribes medicine, the patient takes the prescription to any pharmacy and gets it filled free of charge. The pharmacist is reimbursed by

the government. Any person, regardless of means (there is no means test), is entitled to free hospitalization at any time. Mothers are paid a subsidy for each child under a certain age, not as an inducement to have children—the country is a small one—but just so the family will be better off. The government's housing in New Zealand is the best such housing I have seen anywhere, in that it accommodates a high degree of individualism, looks to beauty and comfort, and inspires pride of community. The rent for government houses, though already low, is reduced for the tenant who takes care of his own trees, garden, and lawn.

There are not a few in New Zealand who regard the government's program as a mixed blessing, who complain that it destroys initiative; but in the week of my stay, there were exactly 138 unemployed out of a national population of a million and three quarters. The ministry of labor explained almost apologetically that some of the 138 were in regions remote from employment opportunities, and that others were physically handicapped.

Among other distinctions of New Zealand is the fact that it enjoys the lowest infant mortality and highest life expectancy of any country in the world. I recorded interviews with medical men and found most of them were against the health plan for two reasons: first, they or their secretaries are obliged to fill out a form for each patient, and this they regard as annoying red tape; second, some patients come running to them with the slightest ailment. On the other hand, physicians who support the plan argue that it's a good thing patients come running with the slightest ailment, because in this way maladies can be caught and remedied before they become serious; they say the income of doctors has gone up, because everybody can now afford medical attention, and because bad debts have been

eliminated. As for the red tape, they say, that's just too bad, but the nation's health is worth the annoyance.

In few places in the world is the principle of racial equality so firmly established, and honored in the observance, as in New Zealand. There are about 200,000 Maoris in the country—native Polynesians, many of them dark-skinned; but nowhere does there exist discrimination. The Maoris are represented in the government; they own a good deal of land; they are held in high esteem and affection by the white New Zealander, who has kept the original Maori names for most of the country and absorbed a good deal of Maori art.

I recorded Prime Minister Peter Fraser; the Maori Minister for Native Affairs Tirikatene; the Minister of Security and Internal Affairs Parry, and a score of less prominent New Zealanders. Their country, together with Australia, gave a sharp ending to my working itinerary. They were clean, alive, bright countries, whose people seemed ready to take on the kind of responsibilities and contribute to the kind of thinking called for by Willkie's World.

From Auckland we flew north and east to New Caledonia, the Fijis, Canton Island, Hawaii, Los Angeles, and New York. There ends the flight.

Now I think it is understood that I am not a diplomat or politician; I have not made a career of reporting from abroad. But I do have eyes and ears, and in the enterprise just concluded I had a recording machine to go along with them. My impressions, the conclusions which have come out of the many miles and hours, are, for whatever they are worth, based upon meetings and events, testimonies, anecdotes, expected and unexpected answers, irritations, evasions, euphemisms and persuasions, the dancing of

attendance so I could not see certain things, and, contrariwise, the blunt and candid laying bare of inequities, shortcomings, and injustices. Words were said to me out of the sides of mouths, behind hands, words sometimes dangerous to the people who said them because secret police might be about; also there were false words, false on face value. There was many a sincere toast and many a hollow one; it is all in the record.

Here then are an even dozen conclusions:

1. We seem to be farther from Willkie's One World today than we were when his thesis became the best-selling book in America four years ago. Everybody is agreed on the desirability of One World, but very few on the method. It was the consensus of my interviews that none of us will get far in any direction if the leading powers of the world fail to set an example, as Mr. Nehru calls upon them to do, by putting our ideals to work; and it was emphasized that the leading powers must begin by cleaning up undemocratic processes and practices at home; that only then can each face the world with clear conscience, and assume its rightful share of responsibility and moral leadership.

2. The reservoir of goodwill toward the United States, about which Willkie spoke enthusiastically in 1942, has drained to a dangerously low level. We are suspected, disliked, resented, and even hated in some of the very countries where Willkie found the greatest appreciation and friendship for us during the war.

3. A powerful and elemental sense of fairness, as well as an overwhelming will and anxiety for peace, pervades all of the peoples of the earth. It was generally felt if the statesmen representing these peoples were more truly and conscientiously to mirror their views, there would be a much better chance for the compromise

necessary to keep the peace and establish a secure world.

4. It seemed to me that the greatest peril today is a sort of Frankensteinian phobia created by factions who would have people everywhere believe there is *no room in one world for more than one* economic and social system. In view of the existing facts, such a world obviously could not be achieved without a war in which one crushes the other. To me this inevitability would be easier to accept if it were not for the fact that in several of the countries which we visited it was impossible to distinguish whether we were in a world of capitalism or socialism, since patterns were being sought which would blend the best features of both. Hence, it suggests itself that if a united country can base its future on a combination of the most workable essences of opposing systems, we have no right to rule out the possibility that the same can be done by a united world. Indeed, it seems to me that the very basis of a democratically united world is the establishment, first of the will, then of the means, by which differing social and economic systems can live amicably together. And the most important contribution to be made toward this goal is to convince the peoples of the world that a war is not inevitable. This task I consider the first responsibility of the great powers. In the meantime, the worst possible approach from any side is to attempt by propaganda, polemics, intimidation, or by force, to persuade one system to abandon what it considers its righteous course for the other. This, as we have seen in the long history of political and religious warfare, can only widen, not narrow, basic differences.

5. In view of the existing tendency to diplomatic impasse, the principle of mutual compromise must replace the Gibraltar complex in international politics. As Mr. Attlee has suggested, "It is worth-

while to have some idea as to the activities in which we are in agreement." Most of the statesmen I interviewed believe with him that we must lay off exaggerating differences and making atrocities out of them; that instead we must transfer headline and glamour-appeal to areas of agreement, of which there are more than we are inclined to credit.

6. I believe the democracies of the West should watch with neighborly interest and goodwill, rather than with distrust, the social experimentation of countries like Czechoslovakia and New Zealand, which are trying to reconcile extremes of socialism and private enterprise. We are perhaps lucky that such problems are being worked out by them in laboratory fashion, rather than on the battlefield, as in China. And if their experiments contain anything worthy of emulation by the rest of us, let us take up their best features, just as so much of the world outside America benefited from our experiment with independence and democracy after the revolution of 1776.

7. One of the most frequently and strongly reiterated impressions of the entire trip was that the United States, in the eyes of the rest of the world, is a colossus without precedent and without peer; that we hold in our hands as does no other nation, the means to keep the world at peace. Whether or not people liked us, they were respectful of our power and our capacity; and they attempted, some of them fearfully, others hopefully, to convince me as a listening American, that peace lies not in our stars, but in us.

8. I believe all nations should acknowledge more readily the principle of cultural exchange, especially as it applies between countries whose political relations are strained. It is pleasant enough to exchange artists and students and new compositions with countries who love us,

but cultural exchange takes on its greatest meaning and value in cases where the respective peoples, knowing too little of each other, harbor mutual suspicions and apprehensions.

9. I believe freedom of information is an international must, but, to establish it, we must abrogate freedom of misinformation. Let the radio, press, and cinema of the world, whose responsibility today is graver than ever before in history, regulate themselves so that misinformation becomes a punishable violation of their own laws. Let the radio and press of the world protect both nations and individuals from defamation or assassination by any old demagogue who arises on a convention floor. Let truth and accuracy head up the copy desk, and give them power of decision over the publisher's or the broadcaster's personal political prejudices.

10. I believe that the world would benefit greatly if two pieces of modern American writing were made compulsory reading in every classroom of the countries of the United Nations: Willkie's *One World*, and Hersey's *Hiroshima*, both of which have the power, continuously and profoundly, to influence our time.

11. I believe, from what I've seen, that to despair of the world is to resign from it. I believe that to assume human nature is committed to another war is to assume that suicide is the only solution to our problems.

12. I have lost no hope. I believe that ultimately we will find unity and brotherhood in this world, but that the quest will go on through terrible trials and agonies, until a true democracy, not merely a lip-service democracy, is achieved for the entire world. I believe each of us can assist in this mammoth task; and by such assistance, honor the memory of the man whose name stands for the greatest challenge of our lives—One World.

THE FOREIGNER

HELEN WAITE PAPASHVILY

IN OUR family there was only one person you could really call a foreigner.

It's true Uncle Andrew and Aunt Maggie (who substituted for my maternal grandparents) had come from Scotland and Ireland respectively, but they weren't foreigners. Even the census taker conceded that when Aunt Maggie was finished with him.

For the census taker, after asking the names and birthdays of the whole family and duly entering them in his book, had inquired, pencil poised, if any of them were aliens.

"Aliens?" Aunt Maggie said. "And what may that be? If you'll excuse me for troubling you with the question. Fer I'm an ignorant old woman that's never had the benefit of a fine education such as I can see you've enjoyed. At the taxpayer's expense."

The census taker floundered among several definitions and finally suggested hesitantly that an alien was a—well—an unnaturalized person—a stranger, as it were.

"Then, with thanks fer your kind information," Aunt Maggie said, "I'll just mention to you, since you probably haven't the wit to realize it fer yourself, that you see before you, in me, a member by birth of the O'Connor family, of whom no doubt in the course of your studies you've heard. The O'Connors of Ballylickey, near Bantry, County Cork, Ireland, if you should ever chance to find yourself passing in that neighborhood. And among us O'Connors it's our proudest boast that

there's no place on this earth or in the golden halls of Heaven where one O'Connor can't find another O'Connor and set down to take a cup of tea and a bite of bread and meat at an O'Connor table and sleep the night safe under an O'Connor roof. And so, when you ask me if I'm a stranger, my reply to you is that, thanks be to the grace of God, I'm not."

Confronted by this irrefutable answer, the census taker made a mark in his book and, passing on to the next question, ventured to inquire if the head of the house, then, were an alien.

"If," Aunt Maggie said severely, "you're referring to me husband that built the first brick house in the length and breadth of this valley and served six terms on the school board—if you're referring to himself that's cast a vote for every president since Rutherford B. Hayes, leaving out entirely he's a founder of Odd Fellow and saying nothing whatsoever about the testimonial leather bucket with a plaque presented to him only last week by the Hook and Ladder Boys fer twenty-five years' service in the Volunteer Fire Company with pieces in the newspaper about it showing his picture, a picture that's far from doing him justice, why then my advice to you is to take your name-calling elsewhere before you find yourself in trouble, and without waiting fer any thanks fer that, I'll bid you good morning."

No, the foreigner in our family wasn't Aunt Maggie or Uncle Andrew. It was

my Grandmother Waite. This despite the fact she came from Vermont and was the sixth generation of her family to be born in the United States, if you begin to count (as we always do) with the one who arrived simultaneously in this world, in this country, and in Boston Harbor just as the ship carrying his mother came spanking past Deer Island.

The reason Grambo happened to be a foreigner was because along in the early '70s, after the Rebels were put down, Grampa Waite took a notion to round the Horn and see the West. When he got to California, he liked it so well he wrote Grambo to come, too.

She packed up just what few things she'd need to go out and stop a spell—the scrimshaw pie crimper her brother Lorenzo Dow had made her from a whale tusk, her collection of pressed ferns mounted in albums, some slips of rose geranium and a few choice lilac roots, a scale model of Lorenzo Dow's ship, the *Bonnie B.* out of Portland, Maine, a run of bound volumes of Harpers from 1850 through 1869, a steel engraving of Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, three bottles of gooseberry jam, and a bag of sea biscuit for Papa and Uncle Fred and Uncle Ralph to stay their stomachs if they were hungry on the steam cars between stations.

After three jolting weeks, innumerable herds of buffalo, a derailment, losing Freddie twice, finding Freddie twice, and racing a prairie fire, they all got to Californy.

The orange groves, the palm trees, and the winter sun Grambo found there may have been a dream come true for some people—for those perhaps who did not have Vermont State to remember.

But Grambo's heart never stopped aching after Paddock's Village (Paddock's Village on the Passumpsic River just beyond St. Johnsbury proper) and all the things she had left there. The sprigged

chiny tea set, perfect every piece but for a hair-line crack down the side of the slop bowl, the comb-back rocker, the pepper mill, the spoon holder in bulls eye glass, the sleigh with its string of silver bells, the patchwork quilts—the Road to the Western Reserve (for Papa's bed), the Double Wedding Ring (on Uncle Ralph's), the Little Lost Child (Uncle Fred's trundle), Kiss Me Quick (the spare chamber), and the Log Cabin (left nearly finished on the frame).

And the hooked rug! That was left in Paddock's Village, too. But tales of its glory saw me through the measles and chicken pox, soothed the pain of poison oak, and cured my toothaches. The rug, drawn and worked by Grambo herself, showed Fellow, the house dog, in brown and cream and tan wools (for Fellow was a St. Bernard), stretched out at full length, five feet two and a half inches from the tip of his plumed tail to his lolling red tongue, made of Papa's first flannel drawers. Aunt Caroline Weeks, over Rutland way, was keeping it and all the window plants and Taw, our carriage horse, until we could come for them.

Left behind, too, was the elm-shaded common and the Athenaeum, the reading circle and the Anti-Slavery Society, the Literary Institute and the Lyceum, the Transcript and the trip to Boston every fall.

And for Grambo, Californy was never anything but "a great wild place." She couldn't like the raw board sidewalks flanking the dusty treeless streets, and as for the adobe houses—"How can you clean a house that's a mess of dirt to start with?" She thought the fruit "watery overgrown stuff. Tain't near so choice as the choke cherries or blue berries or sour beach plums back to hum."

Most of all she hated the California climate, the wet springs with tulle fogs drifting in to hang curtains of soot against

every window; the long dry summers when a baking sun killed the garden, turned the lawn to slippery straw beneath our feet, and slowly melted the asphalt streets to black jelly.

Not that Grambo made a habit of talking about these things. She hadn't a mite of patience with people who, as she said, "made a to-do about their circumstances and carried their troubles around in an open basket to share with the world." As for tears or even complaining in public, these like loud laughter or having hysterics came under the general heading of "carrying-on," and "carrying-on" was in Grambo's opinion unladylike, ungenteel, and, what was worse, contrary to Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson's idea of proper behavior. For had not Mr. Emerson specifically written (Grambo often quoted it):

*"For well the soul, if stout within,
Can arm impregnably the skin."*

So, when the sun beat down all day, every day, day after day, Grambo quietly retreated to her big front bedroom and closed the shutter, pulled down the blinds, and drew the curtain. Even then, the sun still sifted in to lay strips of gilt on the grass matting carpet and spangle the stiff white pillow shams, the walnut whatnot, and even the dark brown backs of Mr. Emerson's works with shimmering sequins of light.

Perhaps if the day were very sultry Grambo might permit herself on general therapeutic grounds a wish for a thunder storm. "My," she would say, waving her palm leaf fan, "it just festers with heat. I'd give a sight for a good electrical storm right now to lay the dust and draw the poison out of the air. A good freshening, like we used to get back to hum."

"Tell me about the thunderstorms back to hum." A thunderstorm had all the charm of the exotic for me, for in Cali-

fornia no drop of rain ever fell from April to November and what water we had was doled out through the irrigation sluices, each precious drop paid for on the first of every month. "Tell me about lightning."

"Oh, you've heard that a thousand times."

"Tell me again."

"Well, we'd get a spell of hot weather. 'Long about the third day there'd be a red sunup. All the morning would be heavy and humid. Before eleven o'clock we'd see the clouds start to pile up behind the mountain. If we had the wash out, we'd fetch it in then, or if my Pa, that'd be your Great Grandsire, was making hay, we'd all set to and help get it in to the mow. All the while the clouds round the summit'd grow blacker and blacker, and I'd run to shut up the chicks, and then there'd come a crash of—"

"You forgot to tell what Lorenzo Dow did."

"His chore was to unharness the team and put them in. Then there'd come another crash of thunder and another and the lightning would stab through the sky—purple and green and blue and—"

"Like Fourth of July fireworks at Oak Park?"

"Oak Park ain't a patch on a real good electrical storm. Purple and blue and—where was I? Oh, yes. If the storm drew too close, my Ma, that'd be your Great Grandmar'm, would wrap all the knives and scissors in a blanket."

"Why?"

"Because steel will call electricity in through an open window. And if it got to cracking real bad right over our heads or we heard it strike anywhere close, Sister Caroline and I would run and lie on a feather bed and cover our heads with the bolster."

"Why?"

"Because feathers fend off lightning. Then after a spell we'd see the first drops

of rain begin to fall on the roof of the summer kitchen, in spatters big's a silver dollar. Faster and faster, while the thunder faded away off down the valley and the rain—"

As her voice went on, she made a green world grow before my eyes. I could see the brooks she talked about—the brooks full of new rain—the brooks that eddied into trout pools and broke over moss-etched rocks, catching fern and willow branches as they wound on and on over steep green mountains, down soft green hills, through lush green meadows, on and on until they met the cold green seas.

But while I was very fond of electrical storms, my specialty was really snow. Snow was a miracle I had never experienced and the whole subject had an unceasing fascination for me—blizzards, sledding, snow men, snow balls, maple snow candy—most of all, snow itself. I couldn't understand it, and I kept trying to find some link that would explain it to me.

"Is real snow like cotton snow under the Christmas tree?" My cross-examination of Grambo on this subject could go on by the hour.

"Course not. No more'n the glass angel's like a real angel. Snow is cold. I told you that before."

"Is it like hail?"

"No. It's softer than hail, and it falls in flakes 'stead of in stones."

"Then is it like the ice sawdust we catch when the iceman cuts blocks on his wagon?"

"Lands no. An ice storm is different than a snowstorm. An ice storm changes the whole outdoors into sunthin' different. You go to bed at night, maybe there's a rain, and then afore morning it clears but a sharp cold snap sets in and when you wake up and look out—why—well—it's like discovering the

glory of creation all over again. The maple trees that was rough bark when you went to bed have turned to black glass. The eaves of all the roofs, the pig stable, the wash house, the woodshed, are hung with icicles that shine like the crystal bobushays on a parlor chandelier. Every puddle is a mirror. The horse trough glitters in the sun. The needles on the firs are slivers of green glass. Even the dead weeds left in the hedgerow are abloom with diamond flowers and—well—it's a real pretty sight anyway, an ice storm."

I was enchanted. "I wish an ice storm would come here," I said. "Right here on Acacia Street."

"No. That's a wicked thing to wish. Ice does a sight of damage. It scalds the wheat and breaks the orchard and spoils the sugar bush."

"But you said it was pretty."

"Well 'tis. When it comes. But you shouldn't wish for an ice storm. Course if one happens anyway, why then there's no harm to enjoying it."

"Is snow bad, too?"

"No. Snow feeds the wheat. And snow's healthy."

I was back where I started. "If snow is softer than hail, is it like flour?"

"'Tain't a bit like flour. It's more like sugar. A good dry snow is, specially when you hear it crunch underfoot."

Sugar! Grambo's ice landscape faded and I replaced it with one of my own making. Sugar! Spun sugar like the vendors sold in cones at the County Fair, only this wouldn't be in cones but lying in piles, blowing into drifts, scoopsfull of it whirling in the air. The roofs and fields covered with frosting; marshmallow tops on each fence post and stump; the rocks turned to chunks of vanilla taffy. A world made out of fondant.

But I had to wait until I was almost

eleven years old before I saw this miracle come to pass and then, after all, it wasn't quite what I expected.

It began with a spell of really unusual, unusual California weather. A rain in September that ruined the bean crop; November and December hot and sultry; a January so cold that smudge pots burned every night in the orange groves and my mother talked very seriously of buying me long stockings if it kept on.

The first day of February I was sitting with the rest of the High Fifth grade in an after-lunch daze when California Poppy McGarnagle interrupted the rather dull adventures of Docas, the Digger Indian Boy who lived in our reader, by squealing, "Lookit! The class upstairs is throwing paper scraps out the window."

We looked up. A slow drift of white was floating past the panes.

Miss Burdett put Docas down. "In this community, California Poppy," she said, "we raise our hands before we speak." She walked to the window. "And I'm sure the eighth grade who are in the room above have far too much civic pride to"—she threw open the casement and put her hand out—"to empty—Oh, my goodness, it's snow!"

In the wild rush for the window that followed, the aquarium was tipped over, causing high floods in the Mohave Desert, our geography project in sand, and Frank Pritchard put his foot through the illustrated chart of the human body, which necessitated our studying physiology for the rest of the term without any reference to the kidneys and most of the liver.

"Class!!" Miss Burdett shouted. "You WILL take YOUR seats."

Reluctantly this was done, but not before Danny Picetti had scooped a large fingerful of snow from the window ledge, which he ate, pantomiming great relish at its delicious and unusual flavor.

"Class!" Miss Burdett said. "I am heartily ashamed to be with a group of young people who are so unworthy of class citizenship. I want you to tell me if children that behave as you do deserve to be members of our Golden Lode



School Community to say nothing of deserving a lovely snowfall right here at our window. I wonder if you realize how many people spend great sums of money traveling to New York, Chicago, Illinois, and the Swiss Alps just to see this phenomenon of nature. Now, you may all close Docas up and put him in your desks and we will talk about snow for the rest of the reading period. How many of us here have seen snow before?"

Minniebell Schultz and Horse Cart Rule raised their hands.

"Yes, Horace?" Miss Burdett said.

"My sister, Bernice, went up to Truckee in the mountains," Horse Cart said, "and I gave her a box and she promised to bring me some snow home in it, and when she got home I opened the box and nothing was inside."

"Probably the snow melted, Horace," Miss Burdett said kindly.

Horse Cart looked doubtful. "I think she forgot to put it in," he said. "It was my sister, Bernice."

"Minniebell next," Miss Burdett said, "will share her experience with us."

"Before we come here," Minniebell began, "we lived in Pike County, Kansas, and Pa froze his ear off in a blizzard going for feed and when spring come Pa didn't



put in no corn. Pa said 'I'm through with this Godforsaken—'"

"Minniebell!" Miss Burdett said.

"That's what Pa said. He said, 'I got enough snow to last me a lifetime.' He said, 'I got a bellyfull of snow—'"

"Minniebell, you may take your seat."

"And I got me a bellyfull of snow, too, just like Pa," Minniebell finished from her seat.

"Now," Miss Burdett said, "I will read a small selection from 'Snowbound' by Mr. Whittier, and afterward I hope you will all be in a proper spirit to go to the window one by one, quietly, and look at the snow."

*"The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of—"*

The assembly bell interrupted Mr. Whittier and we filed out into the auditorium.

Mr. Wakefield, our principal, was on the platform. "Boys and girls," he began, snapping his pince-nez, "I don't need to

tell you snow is falling. In order to give you the unusual opportunity of seeing this at first hand, school will be dismissed. I know you will all proceed carefully home along the sidewalk and you will all, I feel sure, refrain from destroying or soiling the fall of snow in the lawns or yards so others may enjoy this unusual occurrence."

Being well disciplined members of the school community, we all carefully waited until we got a full block away before we started trampling over lawns and gardens and streets and sidewalks.

The boys made snowballs the size of Bing cherries—snowballs that melted in the air as they threw them. Mona Gardner took a handful and squeezed it into a tight marble. "I'm going to make a snow man," she said. "This here's his head."

"A snow man! So'm I," California Poppy said.

"So am I," I said. I picked up my first snow. "Why, it's wet!" I couldn't believe it. I got some more. "It's all wet."

Minniebell Schultz went by swinging her books. "Yah! Yah! It's wet! It's all wet! You make me sick. Even the hogs in Kansas know that much."

A vicious competition for snow now began. We scraped it off porch ledges, from under geranium bushes, between the forked branches of the acacia trees. We raced each other to wipe the thin powdering off curbstones and mail boxes.

By considerable begging and some open thievery Mona finally achieved quite a respectable snow man hardly smaller than a gingerbread boy.

"My mother'll let me keep my snow man in the ice chest," she said, "and then I can take him out and play with him whenever I want."

"My mother'll let me keep mine in the ice chest, too," California Poppy said, "and I'm going to hang him on the Christmas tree. Every year."

COMMON GROUND

The snow was pretty well used up by now and the flakes that still fell melted in mid-air. My man was the size of a penny doll, but I discovered that judicious amounts of dirt and spit could be skillfully added to him and then covered with a veneer of snow. By this method I finally managed a fairly adequate figure about six inches tall.

"What are you going to do with yours?" California Poppy asked me.

"Take him to my Grambo," I said. "She loves snow men. Once she had one so big it wore her father's hat."

I picked up some chips of gravel to make my man two eyes and a nose and, giving him a press or two with my thumb to keep his melting form in place, I stood him on my *Elements of Rhetoric*. Then, carrying it before me like a tray, I got home and went to find Grambo.

I called her in her room. I called her

down the basement and up in the garret. I called her in the fruit cupboard. Then I opened the door to the porch and looked out the back window. She was in the yard.

"Grambo," I said. "I made you a snow man."

But for the first time in my life she didn't answer me. She didn't even hear me. She stood under our little pepper tree shaking its slim trunk with both her hands. The last caught flakes of snow were falling on her upturned face. And tears, in spite of Mr. Emerson, were falling there, too.

George and Helen Papashvily's latest collaboration has resulted in Yes and No Stories, a book of Georgian folk tales, published by Harper's in October.

The sketches here are by Bernadine Custer.

SOUTHERN JOURNEY

OWEN DODSON

(Owen Dodson and Rudolph Carlson, a Negro and a white man, made a trip to the South in search of material for a documentary film on migration in America. These stories, told by a Negro cab driver over a period of 12 hours on a trip from Atlanta, Georgia, to Buffalo, Alabama, are some of Dodson's notes.)

Now you can't look at a white woman. But they can look at your woman. An' nothin' happens to them. I'll tell you about my wife. She was workin' at one of the hotels in Atlanta. It was a pretty good job, 'cept there was a bar-

tender there. He was white. He kept makin' passes at my wife. Every night she'd come home an' tell me how he kept makin' passes. I didn't like that, but I figured my wife knew how to take care of herself. I ain't braggin' none, but she was pretty good to look at. She was a fine brown. Anyway, one day she come home, say, "I done quit." She say, "I don't want to get mixed up with them folks down at the hotel. I decided the best thing for me was to get right out. So I get right out." Well, about a week later after she left, telephone start ringin'. I took up the phone an' voice said, "Hello, is Clara

there?" I say, "Who this speakin'?" Voice say, "I'm from the hotel." Right away I clamp my hand over the phone an' get my wife's sister, Isabelle, to come talk, makin' out like she's my wife. He want Clara to meet him an' talk along with him. Isabelle say, "OK, I'll meet you," an' he give the time an' the place. She hung up right quick.

At the right time, I went there in my cab, this very cab you drivin' in. I always carry a gun, anyway, 'cause you don't know what you're goin' to meet up with. I get out an' ask him, "What the hell you doin' makin' phone calls like that? Why the hell you wanta fool around with my wife when they're plenty white women for you?" He kinda mumbled, an' I said, ready to shoot him right there, "You keep your God damn self away from colored women. An' if you ever try to get in touch with my wife again, I'll shoot your damn heart out."

The reason I didn't shoot was I didn't have the heart. I didn't want to kill nobody. So I just grabbed him round the shoulders an' shook him like doomsday was comin'. I like to bust him down. Then I got in my cab an' drove on home.

'Bout two weeks later we get a telegram saying that white man were up in Chicago, that he'd always loved my wife, an' wanted her to come up there, where they could be together without no fiddlin' around. He say again he love my wife an' will treat her right, will send her money to come up to where he is. Well, 'course my wife didn't go. She were bent an' determined on me. Anyway, she didn't care for white men that way. You can't figure out what white folks is thinkin' about. Don't ever try to lick in with white folks.

II

Tell you a story to show you how dumb white folks is. You take a colored

man, now, once he go some place travelin', he know how to go again. Even if he ain't been, he know nobody gonna help him much, so he try to figure things out for himself. I knows this for a fact 'cause for nigh onto five years, I worked in a bus terminal an' I seen them come an' go an' I keeps my eyes bright on everythin' and everybody.

Take, for an instance, one day I was standin' over by the wall where I usually stands when things is slow. White lady come in totin' a bag. She goes over to the lockers. Now all you gotta do is open the door, thrust your bag in, close the door, put your dime in an' turn the key. Well, here she come with her little ole bag. She set the bag down on the floor, then she opened up her pocketbook an' put a dime in the slot, then she turn the key. The locker locked now an' she commence to shake the locker door so she can put the bag in. She take out another dime an' do the same thing on top of the last. When she put in the next dime an' commence to shakin' the door, I decide to tell her how to do. I goes over an' tips my hat (I didn't want her to think I was gettin' uppity—that's why I tips my hat an' besides it's the only way to get along: bowin' an' scrapin'. They never gonna get a chance to barbeque me if I can help it) an' ask, "Madam, can I help you?"

She turn on me an' her voice rise up like hot pepper. "If I can't work it, I know no nigger can." She turn away an' commence to shakin' that door till her hand got red. Next thing I knew she went over to the candy stand, got change of a dollar. I never seen nobody so crazy, so stubborn, an' so damn dumb. Now she back at puttin' in them dimes an' shakin'. She look so funny an' her face gettin' redder an' sweat comin' out. Pretty soon she go over to where the office is an' out come Mister Charlie with her. She explain her trouble, an' Mister Charlie he call me

over to ask why I didn't help her none. I explain just what happened. He turn to her an' ask, "Is that true?" An' you know what that mean fool reply? "Oh, I don't know what I said, I was so nervous an' excited." Mister Charlie he use her last dime to deposit that sad-lookin' bag. That just goes to show you how dumb white folks is.

III

Tell you another story 'bout what happened at this bus station, an' it ain't a bit funny neither. Bus station situated plunk in the heart of the city. I usually stood outside the main entrance under a light so folks drivin' up can see me an' I can see them. In fact, I could see all over the place. One night, warm night, too, toward the end of May when things were slow, Miss Four Bits (that's what all us porters called her. She were a white prostitute an' went with anyone long as they had four bits an' long as she reckoned she wouldn't get caught. Now the cracker cops knew her but she usually fixed them up too), well, this Miss Four Bits, she were paradin' up an' down in front of the station with her butt goin' like two basketballs. Buddy of mine had a long, pretty good lookin' little ole car. He stop down a little ways an' was fixin to get out when she throws them basketballs of hers almost against the car windows. He was just lockin' up an' he was payin' no more attention than them lockers paid that white woman in the story I just related. I could see her talkin' an' fannin'. She always carry a fan like they uses in the undertakin' parlors. She was fannin' an' talkin' like she was chewin' gum. My buddy was payin' no attention. I noticed a cracker cop comin' down toward Miss Four Bits an' I was thinkin' Aw! Aw! She didn't see a thing an' her mouth was just agoin'.

But when she saw that cracker cop she

commence to yell out loud, "Get him, get him!" an' pointin' to my buddy. Now I couldn't do a thing but just stand under the light an' just watch; it hurt my heart. My buddy look from side to side an' before you could say a word, two cops was there, one at each window. Heard Miss Four Bits screamin', "Get him, get him before he get me." An' I heard my buddy's motor startin' up an' before I knew it he was goin' down the street.

Cracker cops by this time was in cars chasin' him. Miss Four Bits just stood where she were an' pretty soon went inside. I was fixin' to go on away; I wanted to vomit, but somebody called for a porter an' I went on 'bout my business.

'Bout hour later, the police car come back an' I breathe easy. Didn't catch him. But yes, they did. He was slump down in the front seat. Driver cop got on out an' the other one watch. Pretty soon the driver cop he come on out with Miss Four Bits. An' right there, in front of the bus station, plunk in the center of town it happen. Nobody say nothin'. Place almost deserted. Driver cop give Miss Four Bits his billy. Other cop make that black boy get in the back of the car. He roll all the windows up tight. Driver cop open the back door for Miss Four Bits like he was gonna drive her to a movie. She get in. The cops just stand outside. I see her raise that billy an' bring it down an' raise it an' bring it down on that black boy's head. Her hand go up faster an' come down harder. Finally she come out the car an' cop took that billy an' she walk away with them basketballs shakin'. I could see that boy. His head were covered with blood. Never seen so much blood flowin'. They tell me they found his car smashed up against a lamp post outside of town just over the railroad tracks. He died in the hospital next day with his brains oozin' out like buckwheat cereal.

IV

Right after that, I quit that ole bus station. I was tired a treatin' white folks like they was a silk handkerchief on a barb-wire fence. I racked an' scraped an' managed to put money down on this cab you ridin' in. Got it almost paid for an' put money down on another one too. A friend of mine called Tenny Boy Johnson used to run that one, but he's in jail now. Tenny Boy were a real good boy an' smart. Tryin' to make every last cent. He even work till three o'clock in the mornin'. Tryin' to save enough to go on up North where his sister and brother is at. I guess he won't get there now. Tell you the story he told in the court.

Tenny Boy had one big fault—when he was right, he say, "I'm right," no matter to who or in whatever predicament he were in. Well, that's all right 'cept when he began declarin' this an' declarin' that on the witness stand. I knew right off he was gonna be breakin' rocks on the chain gang or else laid out in the undertaker's. As I said before, white folks like you to be a little bit crazy. They set against you if you speak up like you just as smart as they is. This the story.

One night along about eleven-thirty, Tenny Boy was fixin' to go on home early 'cause he was tired an' his Mama was sick. Ridin' along downtown, a soldier with his girl held up his hand. Tenny Boy stopped an' they ask him to drive on out into some place about two miles out. Well, Tenny Boy needed the money an' he figured he might as well make it. He drove on out till they got to some place with a little ole house settin' in the midst of trees. He let 'em out an' waited for the fare. Soldier said come back in about a hour an' twenty minutes. Now, Tenny Boy didn't see no reason not to 'cause it would mean more money an' they

couldn't get home without him noways. So he drove on off an' come on back at the right time. The girl were standin' outside with her dress torn at the shoulder an' her hat with a big bird on it danglin' in her hand. Her hair were loose an' she were cryin'. Lights in the house was out an' there was only the sounds of the night an' a few lightning bugs flyin' around. Tenny Boy ask her where the soldier. She declare he was gone on his way—that they had a set-to. She ask him please to take her back. Tenny Boy he hesitate, she lookin' like that an' all. She cry some more an' say she'll pay him double. (Don't trust white folks an' money or anything.) Tenny Boy figure there were nothin' else to do an' she got on in the cab. When they got back to town—she say how much, an' Tenny Boy told her how much. She commence to huntin' for her pocketbook. It were lost out there in the country. Tenny Boy wanted his money so he turned on back. They commence to light matches an' all to find that pocketbook. In the midst of the lookin' a motorcycle cop saw the matches shinin' an' come on over. (They was near the road, I forgot to say.) She start to screamin' rape an' rape an' pointin' to Tenny Boy. Tenny Boy he try to explain.

His trial's over now an' he's gonna go on to the chain gang for 'bout as long as he got to live. They tell me some colored organization tryin' to make the appeal. What I say is, not much they can do 'bout it neither.

Owen Dodson is a frequent contributor to COMMON GROUND. His first volume of poetry, *Powerful Long Ladder*, was published last fall by Farrar, Straus, and he is now at work on a novel.

STEREOTYPES IN INTERCULTURAL EDUCATION

ALFRED G. FISK

A CLASS of children was studying the American Indian. A wigwam had been built in the corner of the room; pictures of American Indians in "native dress" were posted on the walls; in the handcraft period the children made Indian beads and little imitation birch-bark canoes.

At this point, arrangements were made to bring in a young woman of American Indian ancestry who was in training at one of the city hospitals as a Cadet Nurse. She came in her snappy Cadet Nurse uniform (perhaps the snappiest of the women's uniformed groups) and spoke to the children. She told them of her education in a California school, of her father's sheep farm, and of her work in the Cadet Nurse Corps.

But the children would not accept her as an American Indian. She was to them an "American"—period.

After her informal talk, the children were urged to ask questions. One child said, "You are not a real Indian!" When assured that she was, another child asked, "Do you eat acorns?"

This incident illustrates the danger of distorted stereotypes in our effort to make vivid the cultural backgrounds and contributions of various groups in the American population. We love the exotic, the different. Too frequently our stress is on the dramatic and glamorous details that separate and mark as different the cultures of other people rather than upon the things we have in common.

A woman's club, for instance, takes great delight in a speaker on Mexico who

will come dressed in a China Poblana costume and sing charming Mexican songs. The lilt of the music and the swish of the costume captivate the ladies. But does this have any effect upon their attitude toward the migrant Mexican families who live across the tracks and do the stoop labor on the truck farms?

Actually the China Poblana costume is not typical of Mexico. It is brought out for dress-up occasions, much as a Colonial costume or a cowboy outfit is brought out by Americans on certain occasions. For children to be given the idea of Mexicans so garbed would be roughly parallel to the notion in other countries that all Americans are cowboys. (Who was the famous immigrant who confessed that when he landed at New York he expected to see cowboys galloping down the streets of Manhattan?)

When visiting Berlin in 1938, I found in the Haus Vaterland, amusement center of the city, an American Room among the rooms decorated to represent typical national scenes. What sort of life was depicted? A cowboy setting, with murals and accoutrements which, though seriously done, utterly caricatured cowboys and America. Were citizens of this country really to be thought of in such terms, it would be a matter for real resentment.

Yet many of us think of other people in just such unrealistic stereotypes. We are delighted to get a snapshot of our children talking to American Indians in native costumes, working at basket weaving or other crafts at the Grand Canyon, at

STEREOTYPES IN INTERCULTURAL EDUCATION

Yosemite and Santa Fe. But few of us realize that the Indians are there just to satisfy the exotic craving on our part, that they make a good income out of tips for being photographed, and that, when their day's work is over, they quickly doff the Indian costume and become Americans like the rest of us—spending their money at American movies and other of our forms of commercialized entertainment, and suffering all the discriminations in eating places, residence, and employment opportunities which are the lot of American minorities.

Even the Indian dances, held as they are at the festival times of the ancient Indians, are put on now more for the entertainment of white spectators (and for the cash income from those spectators) than they are for the Indians themselves. Indeed, at several places in the Southwest, groups of Indians will put on one of their tribal dances at any time—for a price. The keen observer will find that, at most of the places where Indian dances are given, the young men who lead in the dances arrange to meet their girls afterwards and take them (after a quick change of costume) to a modern American dance pavilion where they jitterbug or dance to the latest swing. This modern American dancing is what is really “native” to them as it is to the rest of us; it is for them the channel where their own spontaneous urges find outlet. The tribal dances are now fundamentally artificial even to most of the Indians who dance them.

In furthering our understanding of the Indian today, is it not more important that we give a picture of American Indians as citizens and participants in our own culture than to depict the Indian culture of a century or more ago? Why not tell the children in our workshops and schools of the Indian participation in the late war, of the thousands who

served in the Army and Navy, of the medals they won—Bronze Stars and Silver Stars, Air Medals and Distinguished Flying Crosses, of the two who received the Congressional Medal of Honor? Other young people should know that the casualty lists of these “braves” was long—from theatres of war all over the world. They should know that there were many Indians in the prison camps of the Philippines after the fall of Bataan and Corregidor, and many Indian graves on Iwo Jima and Okinawa. They should know that the first American soldier to ride into the center of Berlin was a Ute Indian, Harvey Natchees.

It would be well to supplement the collection of Indian pictures we usually show children (of wigwams and of half-naked braves with feathers in their hair) with pictures of Indian women and girls driving tractors, serving as shop mechanics, riveters, sheet metal workers. Indian radio operators, Indian scientists, Indian school teachers—these are the folk we should think of when we consider the American Indian today—and tomorrow. Let us not forget the cultural artifacts of the early American Indian and his great contributions to the American settlers who peopled this continent. That is history. But let us also beware of stereotyping the Indian of today in the garb of a bygone primitive.

What is true of the American Indian is true, of course, of other groups. One teacher in an intercultural workshop remarked, “We have to teach these children that they come from cultures different from our own.” If she meant that children should have an appreciation of the cultural background from which they come, this is, of course, valid. But to make children aware that they are different, that they are not “Americans” like the rest of us, would be cruel indeed. If children of

foreign background become so completely adjusted to American ways that they think of themselves only as American, that is no tragedy. But when they are made aware of differences of which they were previously unconscious (as in the evacuation of our Japanese Americans), that is real tragedy.

When the social integration for which we work is realized, it will be unnecessary to emphasize the specific cultural background of particular individuals among us. The child of Italian background will not be assigned always the study of Italian culture, and the Mexican child the study of Mexican culture.

We have not yet achieved such social integration; but have we not arrived at a stage where we should assume that the cultural contributions of the Chinese are as important to the Italian American child as to the Chinese American? When the girl of Mexican background reports on the contributions of Polish culture, and the Filipino child gives an account of the French—then a more truly American pattern of intercultural education will have been reached.

Yet the typical "I Am an American Day" program brings out the various nationality and ethnic groups wearing their own costumes and singing their own songs. In one high school on such an occasion, it was suggested that the Negro children give an exhibition of jitter-bugging and sing Negro spirituals! The principal was amazed when the Negro students refused to participate. Contrast with that another school's handling of this occasion where students of various backgrounds worked out creatively together a program on the war effort and the participation of the functional groups in society (farmers, factory workers, nurses, servicemen, etc.) some of whom happened to be Negro, others Chinese Americans, and others still different in

nationality backgrounds. As Negro and Chinese and white student worked side by side in creating the program, a spirit of oneness was built up which is the essence of America, and the mixed groups of Americans in various settings gave a more valid picture of American democratic living than any series of separate ethnic groups.

A May Day program at another school exhibited the same spirit. The children of the primary grades put on the traditional Maypole dances and there were a king and queen of the May—with heralds and courtiers complete. The school was in a mixed neighborhood—and the dancers and the court were just as mixed. A little Filipino boy came in hand-in-hand with a blond white girl; a Negro girl was Queen of the May and her attendants were of every hue. Here was intergroup education of a very high level—all the higher because no mention or consciousness of "groups" was allowed to exist.

The same fine approach is made in many of the recent books in the field of intercultural education. *Two Is a Team*, by Gerrold and Lorraine Beim, is a delightful story for little folks which tells of two little boys' co-operation and adventures together. The text mentions nothing about the racial characteristics of the children. Only the pictures (beautifully done) indicate that one is a Negro, the other a white boy.

Another such book is *The Very Good Neighbors* by Irmengarde Eberle, which is the story of a Mexican American family seeking to build a home in the Southwest. Here are no costumed, glamorous folk, but a group of in-migrants who are made real and human. Children reading this book put themselves vicariously into the experiences of these other children; they share their problems; and they sense the common human values held by us all.

Melindy's Medal, by Georgene Faulk-

STEREOTYPES IN INTERCULTURAL EDUCATION

ner and John Becker, gives a picture of a Negro family in a contemporary housing project. The illustrations do not stereotype. These three books are all 1945 publications, and indicate a healthful trend in intercultural books. Many more are now available, such as the *Araminta* stories by Eva Knox Evans for younger readers, and for older children the novels of John R. Tunis and Florence Means.

Perhaps the worst of all stereotypes in popular thought concerning other people is belief in the fundamental differences of peoples—as though these differences were inherent, racial characteristics. Although those working in the field of intercultural education would be the last to wish to perpetuate this stereotype, some of their work does unconsciously lead to that result. The frequent emphasis upon “native” costumes, “native” food, and other folkways that are different from “old line” American ways is an emphasis upon differences. There is, for instance, a popular belief (among many who emphasize intercultural values) that the Negro has a peculiar talent (or even genius) for music or for particular types of music. The best research seems to negate this view. Yet how frequently one is told that no one but a Negro can really sing the Negro spirituals. A musician of considerable competence, for instance, recently maintained in conversation with me that Negro and white voices do not completely blend in a mixed chorus!

This stereotype belief in inherent differences of peoples is found among persons of considerable eminence in the field of intercultural work, people of proved friendship to minority groups. A recent article by one such contemporary writer, discussing the adoption of children, advises: “The child’s racial backgrounds, even its basic national strains should be as near as possible to those of

the adoptive parents. If you come of warm Italian blood do not adopt a child of cool Scandinavian ancestry.” Shades of the ancient stereotypes concerning French blood, and German blood and Celtic blood! No scientific anthropologist will grant a shred of truth to this position today.

It is not the purpose of the present discussion to consider the obviously distorted stereotypes of stage and screen and radio. Much research and sound thinking have been recently applied to these. It is the stereotypes used and furthered by well-meaning people, people even in the field of intercultural education, which concern me here. The *Uncle Remus* stories of Joel Chandler Harris, for instance, are listed among nearly all booklists on intercultural education. Yet Sterling A. Brown, one of the most authoritative Negro specialists in this field, has pointed out that these stories stereotype the Negro.

Considerably lower in the scale would be the Stephen Foster songs, amazingly enough still used by people of goodwill with the purpose of furthering appreciation of the Negro! If one is not to bring upon himself the condemnation of sensitive Negro leaders, such songs as “Old Black Joe,” “My Old Kentucky Home,” “The Old Folks at Home,” and many others must not be used today. This is not only because they contain such offending words as “darkies,” “massa,” and “mammy.” It is for the more important reason they do not express (and never did) the real feeling of Negroes. They perpetuate the stereotypes of the happy and well-cared-for slave and of the wretched, helpless freeman. They were written by a New England white man and express only what he felt the Negro ought to feel.

Many sensitive Negroes, if they had their way, would eliminate the use of *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* by modern groups of

children because they feel that it, too, perpetuates undesirable stereotypes. (This is not to minimize its contribution in its day—quite another matter.) Most of us would at least agree with Sterling Brown that the Topsy of the usual acting version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is objectionable.

Members of other minority groups, too, resent having to live up to the stereotype expectations of the majority. A group of children in San Francisco was introduced to the native foods of the different peoples they studied. It seemed natural to have a spaghetti lunch when studying the cultural background of the Italian Americans, who have a large colony in San Francisco. Yet a young man who lives in that section of the city and is himself of Italian background said to me, "Why must we always be connected with eating spaghetti? I don't happen to like it myself—and most of my friends eat a normal American diet, and not spaghetti." It turned out that while the Intercultural Group in one part of San Francisco was eating spaghetti (very dramatically) and thinking of it as typically Italian, at the same time in the Italian section the young people were booing and throwing things at a movie screen where an Italian was depicted—dramatically eating spaghetti!

Similarly, Negroes resent being asked always to sing Negro spirituals—as though that were all they could sing. The widespread appreciation of Negro spirituals is an excellent thing, but if this is the net result of intercultural education, it has not achieved very much. Even slave owners were glad to call in slaves to entertain them with their songs. Until Negro musicians can be accepted as musicians and are invited to sing Bach or César Franck or anything else, the aims of intercultural education have not been achieved.

This does not mean, of course, that we are to discard the spirituals or the

cultural contributions of any minority group. It does mean, however, accepting minority group cultural contributions without limiting members of those groups to the areas of culture with which they have been historically associated. Certain phases of this problem are well stated by Dr. Buell Gallagher: "How to enjoy the spirituals and seculars as folk songs, without implying that the singer is recalling with pleasure the days of slavery out of which they came; how to acknowledge the Negro's gift to America without admitting a special 'Negroid' status; how to achieve the value of cultural richness and diversity through group differences without surrendering the values of freedom and enjoyment which can come only through integration—these are problems."

An illustration of the tragic effect of such stereotyping is found in the life and work of Paul Lawrence Dunbar. Most Americans hardly know that Dunbar's greatest poetry was not in dialect but in the finest tradition of American verse. Dunbar wrote dialect ditties because the public demanded them—demanded them in the same way the public demands a costumed lecturer today who dwells on the exotic or sings "native" songs. William Dean Howells, whose commendation of Dunbar did much to lift him to fame, wrote: "There is a precious difference of temperament between the races which it would be a great pity to lose, and this is best preserved and most charmingly suggested by Mr. Dunbar in those pieces of his where he studies the moods and traits of his own race in its own accents of our English. We call these pieces dialect. . . . In nothing is his essentially refined and delicate art so well shown as in these pieces." So publishers and public agreed, and Dunbar was forced in a very real sense to write in dialect, though the necessity was bitter to him and he longed for acceptance as a poet of ordinary verse. To this

day few of us have any knowledge of his non-dialect poetry. The exquisite lyric, "Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes," is all but forgotten, as are also the finer of his other poems; and the poems that he might have written had he not been pressed into the dialect medium, we shall never know. The tragedy of Dunbar's life is that he wanted to be known and remembered, not as a Negro poet, but as a poet, and this was denied him.

How many Dunbars are we suppressing today? How many members of minority groups feel frustrated because we think of them always in terms of a certain restricted cultural pattern? How much new creative work is stultified by a public which nourishes in its artists and creators a response to its own conventional and stereotyped tastes?

Any American, regardless of his background, wants the right to take his place beside other Americans in a non-segregated society. As Sterling A. Brown says of the Negro: He objects most to the barriers that separate him from the rest of us, that shut him out. "Negroes want to be counted in. They want to belong." They want to be accepted as other people—not as a peculiar people.

With the revolt against the concepts and program of the "Americanization" movement of a generation ago, I am in complete accord. No intelligently concerned person would want to go back to the arrogance of that era which presupposed the necessity of divesting all foreigners of everything "foreign" and resulted in making immigrant children feel inferior, hate their background, and be ashamed of their parents. None would wish a duplication of its appalling results

in anti-social conduct and blighted personalities.

We recognize now the incalculable riches of the cultural contributions made to America by the peoples of the world. Future cultural growth necessitates further recognition of, and assimilation of, these cultural contributions *by us all*, and this is one of the valid aims of intercultural education.

The American culture of the future must not be the imposed culture of a dominant group upon all others. We must recognize that to lose any of the cultural contributions of all the various groups would be to leave us all poorer. The America-that-is-to-be will gather up all the cultural strands of all her peoples and weave them together into a garment of beauty—like Jacob's coat of many colors, yet one. In that day men will not say, "I am this," and "You are that"; but they will say "We all have these many gifts." In that day the Chinese American will feel Negro spirituals *his* (but he will be an American, not a Chinese American); and, as Californians have absorbed much of Spanish culture—language, architecture, songs—so will we all, like Tennyson's Ulysses, become a part of all that we have met.

Dr. Alfred G. Fisk is professor of philosophy at San Francisco State College. He was director of an intercultural workshop during the summer session there this year. In the Fall of 1943 he organized the Fellowship Church of All Peoples in San Francisco (See Spring 1945 CG), to which Dr. Howard Thurman came as co-minister a year later.

THE GREAT AMERICAN SWINDLE

BRADFORD SMITH

QUIETLY endured by a group of American citizens and some of their alien parents, one of the greatest swindles in America's boisterous history has been going on under our noses. Not widely known except to government officials, the swindlers, and their victims, the extent and number of the crimes can scarcely be estimated as yet, even though they began four years ago. And they are not even being prosecuted.

The opportunity for this mass swindle was given by what Professor Rostow of Yale has called our worst wartime mistake, the evacuation of all Americans and aliens of Japanese ancestry from the West Coast. This movement, encouraged and perhaps originated by pressure groups who had most to gain from it, was not even suggested at the time of the attack on Pearl Harbor, was not recommended by the Pacific Coast Congressional delegation until more than two months thereafter, and was actually carried out only after the Battle of Midway, when any presumed danger to the Coast had been thoroughly dispersed. So much for the justification of what followed.

Most of the Nisei up until the last minute refused to believe that their citizenship would be ignored and that they would be evacuated along with their alien parents. Then they thought the removal would be only for a few weeks, until the crisis had passed. Finally, forced by sudden evacuation orders to dispose quickly of their goods, since they were allowed to take with them only what they could

carry, they disposed of their personal property for a mere fraction of its value. Secondhand dealers and plain opportunists swarmed into the areas where Japanese Americans lived, forced their way into homes, and grabbed what they wanted. New electric refrigerators were sold for five dollars, dining room suites for ten. Many preferred to give their property to neighbors rather than to accept such humiliating terms. Those who decided to store their goods generally depended upon the charity of neighbors. Some simply boarded up their homes, or rented them furnished, or locked their goods up in Buddhist temples or Christian churches. A few heard of the government's facilities and used them.

Those who owned larger properties such as hotels, apartments, business blocks, or farms had to make the best arrangements they could at a time of confusion when many properties were suddenly placed on the market. Most of them made these arrangements with supposed friends or reputable agents in the community. Many signed broad powers of attorney.

Then the Japanese departed—not for a few weeks, but for four years. Some of them never came back. They resettled in the East and Middle West, or they died on battlefields in Europe fighting for the rights and liberties they believed in.

To find out what was happening to their property I made two trips through California, one in 1943, the other in the spring of 1946. I talked to government

THE GREAT AMERICAN SWINDLE

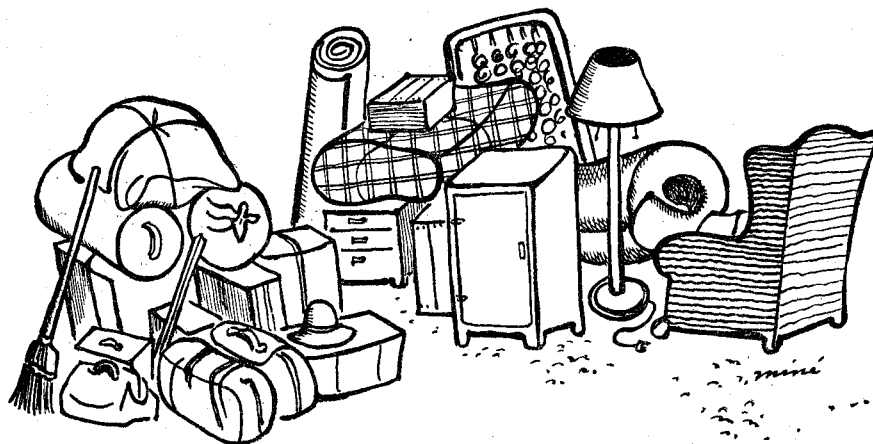
officials, Caucasian neighbors of the Nisei, law enforcement officers, lawyers, public-spirited citizens, and of course to the Issei and Nisei themselves. I filled a notebook with such cases as follow, and I have the word of reputable witnesses for every fact which I was not able to verify with my own eyes.

The majority of the people to whom the Japanese entrusted their property felt pretty sure they would never return to the West Coast. Many contributed to campaigns to deport all Americans of Japanese ancestry and, meanwhile, simply appropriated the property in their hands. Not all of them, of course. There were many honest citizens who took meticulous care of the property entrusted to them, who accounted for every penny involved, and COMMON GROUND readers will know of many such individual cases of real friendship. But from my own rather ex-

for adjudicating claims says, "It is too early as yet to make a final estimate of actual financial and property losses sustained by the Japanese Americans because of the evacuation, but it is well established that the losses have been heavy. Some lost everything they had; many lost most of what they had."

This is the kind of thing that happened:

A Nisei left his car, some farm implements, and a radio with a Caucasian neighbor. When he realized that the evacuation would stick for a while, he asked the neighbor to sell his car, which had a book value of \$500. This the neighbor did—for \$475, after keeping the tires for himself. He then wrote the evacuee saying that his wife wanted some furniture and that he would like to use the \$475 for this, adding that if he had a debt it would help him to avoid the



tended personal tour, I would say that of the Japanese Americans who had anything to lose, 95 per cent suffered loss. Those who had little to lose made out worst of all, for their bit of leased land meant life. Their savings wiped out by evacuation, they had nothing to start again with. The letter of the Secretary of the Interior to Congress requesting legislation

draft. When the evacuee declined this deal, his "friend" charged him \$25 for selling the car, \$30 for travel allegedly involved, \$20 for his time, and other items for expenses. When the evacuee tried to get his radio back, he was told that he had "given" it to the family, and that if he wanted it back he would have to pay storage charges of \$39!

Losses ran into five figures when commercial property was involved. The lessees of a business building in Los Angeles, for instance, had put \$92,000 into a property under a long-term lease. At evacuation they had to forfeit the entire amount before the lessor would cancel the lease.

The Livingston, California, area was a wasteland when the Japanese came there some forty years ago. They made it a land of vineyards and orchards. When they went away, most of them turned their affairs over to a single contractor, a Caucasian "big-shot" of the community, who together with three trustees was to manage the property (mostly in grapes) and remit the profits over and above expenses and compensation for himself. Prices skyrocketed. The produce of the farms grossed over a million and a half dollars. But many expenses at fancy figures were recorded to diminish the sum. Alleged repairs to the property were charged for but never made. The trustees got five thousand each a year for doing little or nothing. Picking baskets which the Japanese had been forced to sell at two cents each when they evacuated were rented back to them at two-and-a-half cents a year. The owners finally received ten per cent of the gross. They did not complain. They wanted to return to their homes, and they were fearful that if they demanded their rights, the community would turn against them.

Meanwhile, their personal belongings were pilfered right and left. The church was broken into and ransacked of goods they had stored there. The tenants who moved into their houses walked off with radios, refrigerators, and furniture before the evacuees could return. For the Nisei were virtually interned by the government, prohibited by a military exclusion order from returning to the Coast. For years they did not know what was happening to their property.

Many of them remark in wonder how it was not professional crooks, but the "best people" who committed many of these mean and squalid acts while they were powerless to defend themselves. No wonder, they say, California didn't want them back.

One man with a bit of a conscience remaining jumped off the roof of an apartment building, the income from which he had spent, thus taking the easiest way out when he learned that the Nisei who had trusted him was returning to claim his own the following day.

A Nisei farmer near Madera leased twenty acres to an Italian enemy alien at five hundred dollars a year. (Those of Italian descent were accounted less dangerous than American citizens of Japanese ancestry by the race-prejudiced Army command.) Prices jumped. The Italian made fifteen thousand dollars net in 1944. It is quite understandable that he should remark, as he did publicly, that he hoped the owner, then fighting in Europe, would be killed.

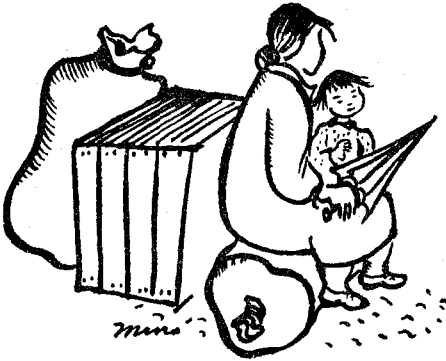
Up in Placer County the Japanese were fruit growers. They knew trees and loved them. At evacuation they had to lease them to the Caucasian growers, who in turn put them in the charge of out-of-state farmers with no experience and little pride. The trees grew sicker every year. Two more years and the orchards would have been ruined. As it is, many trees have had to be pulled out. One of the first Nisei to return to his farm, a veteran, dug right in and began to improve the orchards on which, after all, the welfare of the region depends. One night his house was burned down.

A family near Palo Alto had in the course of years built up a business in fine chrysanthemums. The business prospered. The family lived in a large colonial style house; the children all went to college. At evacuation, in order to preserve the ir-

THE GREAT AMERICAN SWINDLE

replaceable roots of their unique varieties, they turned them over to the county agricultural agent, after making sure that they had survived the transplanting. Four years later they came home. When they went to get the roots they were told, abruptly, that they hadn't lived. But they feel fortunate compared with some of their friends, for they still have their house.

A certain American Legion commander whose name is in my notes "befriended"



many Nisei at evacuation, was given unrestricted power of attorney for them, sold their property right and left, and just kept the money. The men who were robbed refused to file suits. They feel there is no justice for them in the California courts.

A woman left in charge of the belongings of eighty families stored in a Buddhist temple allowed her "agents" to remove the goods in truckloads. When the police inquired, she proved power of attorney. By the time the power could be revoked, nothing but rubbish was left. At least the police in this case took an interest. In many areas they never seemed able to locate any of the thieves or arsonists and were apathetic to the whole matter when pressed by War Relocation Authority officials.

The owner of a nursery and some beach lots, with only three days to evacuate, left

the property and a thousand dollars in cash with a church friend. The cash was to keep up payments on the property. On his return, he found the property all lost, the cash used by the "friend" to get a divorce, and the "friend" vanished.

The owner of a prosperous produce business in Los Angeles left it in the care of an employee, requesting a monthly payment of a hundred dollars and promising to make the man a partner on his return. This friend was clever. He asked for, and received, a letter stating that the Nisei was no longer owner, in order, as he said, to convince customers it was all right to deal with him in wartime. As a result of the inflation of produce prices, this man, formerly a hoister of boxes, is wealthy, and the rightful owner robbed.

These are not exceptional cases. They are typical—neither the best nor the worst. To get some idea of the magnitude of the swindle it would be necessary to multiply them by thousands.

True, the War Relocation Authority tried to protect the evacuees and did some good. But what it could do was pitifully little. A man who knows hundreds of these cases says that less than five per cent of the 110,000 evacuees came off "all right." He considers that he himself came off all right: he lost his business—a prospering store, and some furniture.*

Yet all this loss does not tell the whole story—and we are dealing here only with physical losses, not with the psychic injuries, the effects of incarceration, the loss of self-reliance, and all the ills following upon deprivation of liberties. There is the continued underground resistance to the Nisei in California even though only half of them are returning there, even though they are now so small a minority as to make any campaign against them ridiculous, even though they have fought nobly, endured greatly, suffered losses silently. For example:

A Nisei farmer returned to his place near Venice, California. He wasn't sure the market would accept his stuff, so he went and asked. Sure, they said, we'll take it. Bring it around. So he planted his celery, spending the last of his dwindling savings. When the crop matured and he went to see about selling it, the answer was No, we can't take it. By letting him grow it before refusing it they hoped to wipe him out for good. A courageous WRA official decided to try a bluff. He loaded the celery into government cars and drove it to the market where, confronted with governmental authority, the opposition gave in.

But this is only a small item in the bigger picture of discrimination which refuses to employ Nisei in jobs suited to their training, which restricts the places where they may own houses and then accuses them of forming little Tokyos, which at this moment is operating on a comfortable slush fund provided by the state legislature to examine and rigidly prosecute possible infringement of the alien land laws. This latter step has already resulted in seizing as forfeit to the state a number of farms operated by American veterans because they were purchased in their names by alien parents long ago.

Three remedies, if vigorously pressed, may yet make some recovery for the forces of decent American principles against the seepage of greed masking under the guise of racism.

1. Enactment of a law to give citizenship to those resident Japanese aliens who desire it and who can prove a sincere interest. Inflicting the stigma of being ineligible to citizenship on any people was poor Americanism from the beginning. Now it is imposing needless hardship upon persons whose lifetime of

constructive labor in this country was wiped out by evacuation. "The oldest have borne most." Such legislation would lop off the alien land laws, thus destroying the legal basis on which American veterans of Japanese ancestry are now being robbed of the means of livelihood their parents' labors had provided for them.

2. Enactment of a law such as came before Congress in the last session (S. 2127 and H.R. 6780), to give reparation to all those who suffered from the evacuation. This law restricts payment to actual losses of real or personal property.

3. Continuation and strengthening of the citizens' committees which in California and elsewhere have gathered together the forces of decency and fair play to combat the well-financed and well-organized minority of special interests who seek to establish on the West-Coast the fascist racism we have been fighting abroad.

There is more at issue here than protecting the rights of the Japanese American minority. There is the question of our integrity as a nation, the question whether we can pluck out the moat that is in our own eye, whether we can put into practice the principles we profess.

During the war Bradford Smith was Chief of the Central Pacific Division of the OWI. A Guggenheim Fellow, he is now at work on a book on the Japanese Americans for the Peoples of America series to be published by Lippincott under the general editorship of Louis Adamic. His story, "Case History," appeared in the Summer 1946 issue of CG.

Miné Okubo, whose book on evacuation, *Citizen 13660*, was published in September by the Columbia University Press, is the illustrator.

HITTING PREJUDICE WITH KNOWLEDGE

ARNOLD ROSE

(At the request of the American Council on Race Relations, Arnold Rose examined the sociological and psychological literature on race attitudes, with a view toward determining whether there is anything in the numerous detailed studies which have been made that would help action agencies develop better propaganda to reduce race prejudice. Some of the practical highlights of his report are summarized in this article.)

SOCIAL scientists have for some time been interested in race prejudice and propaganda techniques as subjects for empirical study, as well as for theorizing. Some of the studies have been experimental in nature—involving before-and-after tests and control groups—while others have used less rigorous methods. Most of the studies have contributed a bit of knowledge, even if some have been trivial in scope and focus. Now that there has been a great increase in the number of organizations directly concerned with reduction of prejudice and a consequent search for new methods to achieve this aim, it is worthwhile to review the studies briefly to cull out whatever useful information or suggestions they may offer.

Many experimental studies have been carried on with a college or school audience because it is a relatively easy audience to secure for experimentation. In most of the cases where a school or college course has included instruction on race differences or minority problems or other aspects of intergroup relations and has

tested student attitudes before and after the course to see what effect there was, if any, it has been shown that some decrease in prejudice has occurred. In other words, relevant facts and considered interpretation brought to the attention of school or college students will modify their attitudes. The studies also show that the course which deliberately sets out to reduce race bias achieves its aim better than one which merely seeks to bring facts to the students' attention and forces them to make their own interpretation without guidance.

In one study, for example, the story of how a Jewish boy in Germany was persecuted by the Nazis until he committed suicide was given to two groups of students to read. The story was very sympathetic to the Jewish lad and revealed how the ordinary Germans were misled by their Nazi politicians. But it was not explicit in indicating that the boy was Jewish: it simply described how the Nazis persecuted a boy. One group read the story, and took an attitude test before and after. There was no change in their attitudes toward Jews; instead, their attitudes toward Germans became more favorable. Further questioning of these students revealed that many had misunderstood the story and thought the lad was a German boy whom the Nazis selected out to persecute. Another group read the story and had a class discussion afterwards in which its meaning was brought out. These students became significantly more friendly toward Jews.

Another study showed that the teacher's attitude was the important influence when factual material on race and minority problems was taught to high school students. When the teacher was liberal on race matters, her course influenced students in the direction of liberalism. When the teacher was herself prejudiced, the same material had no effect on student attitudes.

Still another study showed there was no carry-over from teaching about one minority group to attitudes toward another. For example, a course designed to improve attitudes toward Negroes may have been successful in doing so, but it had no effect in improving attitudes toward Jews. These studies carried on in a classroom situation should not be given too much weight, but they do teach us some ways in which we must pay attention to the *content* of propaganda and to the *situation* under which it is communicated.

For decades, writers and producers of movies and radio programs have ignored the effects of their productions on attitudes. Movie and radio programs were designed to entertain; they were admitted to be informative; but no attention was paid to their influence on states of mind which determine how people behave toward one another. Yet as early as 1933 some studies were published by Thurstone and his associates which proved that ordinary entertainment films had important effects on the race attitudes of children. There were two films then current which dealt with the Chinese: the first, called *Sons of Gods*, put the Chinese in a favorable light; the second, called *Welcome Danger*, was unfriendly. These were shown at neighborhood theatres, and boys and girls were tested in their regular classrooms before and after seeing the films. The first had a major effect in making them more favorable toward the

Chinese, and the second had a small but significant effect in making them unfavorable. The old anti-Negro film, *Birth of a Nation*, was also tested and found to have a tremendous influence in creating hatred and fear of the Negro. Thurstone tested the same students five months later and found that about three-fifths of the attitude changes remained. Even as long as nineteen months after seeing the film, a significant amount of the original attitude change was detected. This study, and several other similar studies, show that when a given piece of propaganda is effective, its influence lasts for a long time and that the decrease in its influence over time becomes progressively smaller.

The presentation of stories in book form can often provide a pre-test of what effect a movie or radio program based on the same theme will have. There is now in production a movie telling the life story of George Washington Carver. About ten years ago a test measured the effects of reading the biography of Carver and found it made attitudes toward Negroes markedly more favorable. The influence of other movies could be similarly tested before production to a considerable extent by ascertaining attitude changes as a result of reading the script in book form. The same study turned up another significant result: When a series of books, or articles, or movies, or radio programs, is presented, and each influences attitudes in the same direction (say, it makes people more pro-Negro), the first has the greatest influence, and each successive item has progressively less. This might be called the principle of diminishing returns in propaganda.

The psychological mechanism by which entertainment films and radio exert their influence is undoubtedly very subtle. The process of "suggestion" is fairly well understood by psychologists, and Remmers has conducted an experiment which indi-

cates that the process applies in the case of race prejudice. This was conducted on only one person, unfortunately. He was a Gentile student who was found to be highly favorable toward Jews. He was hypnotized, and during the trance, "A number of rather general suggestions concerning alleged undesirable characteristics of Jews were given." When awakened, the student was given an attitude test, and it was found that his attitude score toward Jews was "extremely negative"—that is, he was very anti-Semitic. Then he was told what had happened and given the attitude test again. He went back to his original pro-Jewish attitude.

Because most movies, radio programs, books, magazines, and other vehicles of mass entertainment which contain any reference to any member of a minority group influence majority attitudes toward that minority, it becomes important to see *what* references they contain. A considerable number of studies have been done to examine the content of the communications media designed to provide entertainment. The picture is not an attractive one, although it shows improvement during the past few years. Most movies, radio programs, and magazine stories present a stereotyped or unsympathetic picture of members of minority groups. The Negro is depicted as lazy, the Jew as conniving, the Oriental as sly, the Italian as irrational, and so on. Members of minorities are seldom central characters, and they often appear solely to highlight the desirable characteristics of "Americans." Minority characters are portrayed as not having approved traits, and with a lower class or "shady" status. The theatre is less guilty of this unfavorable treatment of minorities than are movies, radio programs, or magazines, and in the past five years, a tendency has become apparent in movies and radio programs to give fairer treatment to members of

minority groups. Jews and Chinese during the war years have been the subjects not only of realistic depiction, but also of heroic characterizations. A chief weakness in the efforts thus far is that the writers and producers do not always know just exactly how to be fair; they make blunders even when they have the best intentions. They make even such minor mistakes as referring to a Negro woman as a "Negress" and have leading Negro vocalists singing only spirituals or have Negro talent segregated in all-Negro films.

While available studies should certainly not lead anyone to a negative conclusion as to the potentialities of propaganda for reducing race prejudice, some people feel the only real way to eliminate it is to bring members of the majority—the white, Christian, "old Americans"—into personal contact with members of minorities. There have been several studies to test the effectiveness of such personal contact in reducing prejudice. Some of the studies have led to negative results, although an equal number have been most encouraging. Clearly, one must pay attention to the *nature* of the contacts. One study, for example, shows that the mere increase in the *number* of contacts with Jews does not decrease anti-Semitism. Public opinion polls reveal that there is more anti-Semitism in large cities, where Jews are concentrated, than in small towns. Certainly there are enough contacts between Negroes and whites in the southern states, but no lack of prejudice. It is not the number of contacts with members of a minority that is important: it is the *intimacy* and the *equality* of contact that can cause a marked decrease in prejudice. It is only when contact can lead to friendliness or to respect that it is significant.

A recent situation has furnished an important "natural" experiment for testing

whether personal contact with members of a minority reduces prejudice. During the last few years of the war, the United States Army found itself dangerously short of Infantrymen—the ordinary foot soldiers—who had been neglected early in the war in favor of the Air Forces and other specialists. The Army had to convert service troops and Air Force men in large numbers into Infantrymen. These were to be trained and sent as individuals into existing combat units. Negroes were to be sent into Negro outfits, because the Army had never violated its policy of having strict segregation of Negroes in regular operating outfits, though there had been a breakdown of segregation in hospitals, in replacement depots, and in officers' training schools. This raised no problem in the Mediterranean or Pacific Theaters of war because Negro Infantry units were already in operation and had great need of individual replacements. But in the European Theater of Operations—comprising France, Belgium, and Germany—there were no Negro Infantry units. There was no time to constitute whole new divisions, and the need was so great for Infantry troops that the American General Staff was persuaded it should adopt a new principle for the utilization of colored combat troops. Negroes who volunteered for combat were formed into platoons, led by white officers and white sergeants, and placed in otherwise white companies. This was done in eleven combat divisions during the last four months of the war in Europe. A survey showed that white troops generally were against the new policy—they said they preferred a continuance of segregation. Not only white troops were against the new policy, but so were also two-thirds of the white officers and noncoms who were named to lead the Negro troops into combat. Nevertheless, the policy was put into effect, and the results are marvelous to contemplate.

A survey was taken two months later, which asked white soldiers all sorts of questions about their attitudes toward the Negro combat troops. Seventy-seven per cent of the white officers and noncoms said they had become more favorable to the idea of having these mixed combat companies; none said they had become less favorable. Over 80 per cent said the colored soldiers in their company performed very well in combat. Over 80 per cent said that the white and Negro soldiers were getting along very well or fairly well. Other answers of these combat leaders were equally favorable to the Negroes. Of white enlisted men in the mixed companies, only 7 per cent said they disliked very much the idea of having a Negro platoon in their company. On the other hand, of men in divisions where there were no mixed companies, 62 per cent said they would dislike it very much if there was a Negro platoon in their company. Clearly, contact with these Negro Infantrymen had bred a sense of respect for them on the part of the whites, and this respect had in turn caused a willingness to have further contact with Negroes.

In this matter of contact with minority peoples, it is of considerable importance to note with what individuals the contact occurs. Many members of minority groups have had little personal contact with members of the majority, and they do not know what is expected of them. They may seem uncouth, and often they react with suspicion. Some experiments have been tried in the last three years of introducing Negroes into northern factories where only whites had previously been employed. It was found that the best procedure was to begin by bringing in Negroes who had lived in the North for a long while, who knew something about how to act as equals with white men, and who knew something about expected ways of behaving in the local communities.

HITTING PREJUDICE WITH KNOWLEDGE

Other studies show that many whites do not realize that there is an upper and middle class among Negroes, that there are Negro professionals and other highly educated people. Their first contacts with such persons are a revelation, often resulting in a complete transformation of attitudes. In the mass-communication media and the major forms of entertainment, it is also of great value to bring out the fact that not all Negroes are just out of the rural South. Contact with, and knowledge of, minority groups will diminish prejudice, even if they do not eliminate it altogether at one blow.

Now I should like to pass on to a consideration of some different types of studies. In these, experiments have been undertaken to determine which propaganda technique or medium is most successful. There has not been a sufficient number of such studies in view of their high value, but we can gain some relevant information by reviewing what there is. It has been shown that a picture or cartoon can get across ideas more subtly and more effectively than the written word, and that a radio program has the same advantages over the speech delivered in person. The modern techniques of communication, then, have more propaganda potential than the older ways of transmitting ideas. Nevertheless, they have distinct limitations: for example, it is more difficult to get over a complicated or abstract idea by means of a radio program or movie than it is to get it over by a speech or book. Another important finding is that the use of several media of communication simultaneously is more effective than the use of these media independently of each other. In other words, television will have greater effect than the ordinary radio, just as the sound film has had greater influence than the old silent film.

A series of studies has been made to determine which type of presentation, using any one medium of communication, is the more effective. It has usually been found that an indirect or "emotional" approach will cause a greater change in attitude than a direct "rational" approach. However, there are two types of audiences for which this does not hold: educated persons and persons who are initially persuaded against the point of view in the propaganda, who will be more influenced by a rational presentation of the arguments. The studies also show that the propagandist cannot be too indirect or subtle because the audience is then in danger of missing the point altogether. The American Jewish Committee has been sponsoring a series of cartoons directed against bigotry, and has been testing their effect. Although they are brilliantly caustic against bigotry and are well drawn, only about a third of the tested audience seems to get their point, and this third does not contain a high proportion of those who are most prejudiced. Every possible type of misconception occurs; some persons even thought the cartoons were supposed to increase antagonism toward minorities. The propagandist in race relations apparently must be much more simple and direct and he must focus his art along those lines with which average Americans have some familiarity.

There has been a whole series of studies to determine what various types of people like by way of radio programs, movies, books, magazines, etc., and how they like the content which these media present. The public opinion polls can give us information as to what types of people are most prejudiced, and in what ways they are prejudiced. There needs to be some link between these two kinds of information, but unfortunately I cannot report that any investigator has made such a link yet.

The theoretical literature in the psychology of prejudice offers a large number of important suggestions for those who would propagandize to reduce race prejudice. Unfortunately, not many have been tested scientifically, and only a few can be presented in this short paper. One is that the minority group should not be portrayed as weak and deserving of sympathy because it is weak. Most minority groups are used as psychological scapegoats, and only the weak can be used as scapegoats. The picture that needs to be built up of the minority group is of its essential humanness, its psychological similarity to the majority group, its cultural strengths. The attitude aimed at should not be pity or sympathy, but respect and recognition of similarity to one's own standards.

A second major suggestion is based on the recognition that minority groups are often symbols of something that is feared or hated or envied. For example, Jews are a symbol of urban life, with its rationality, competitiveness, anonymity, capitalism, and communism, and these things are feared by Gentiles who have never been able to break away from the rural standards of their grandfathers. Propaganda efforts need to be directed at breaking down these irrational rural fears of the big city, and also at showing that Jews are only accidentally, not inevitably, urban. In the case of Negroes, they are the symbol of sexual prowess and sexual libertinism. The sex repression of our puritanical white culture needs to be brought out into the open air and more healthful attitudes toward sex need to be developed. The looser connection between marriage and sex among Negroes has to be shown to be a function of their backward rural culture and their low education, and due credit should be given to the highly reasonable sexual standards of Negroes who have succeeded in getting an education and cultural contacts.

Another suggestion deserving of consideration is based on the frustration-aggression theory. According to this, prejudiced people are frustrated people—they are not getting out of life what they want to get out of it. As a consequence, blind rage creeps up in them and they vent this rage on convenient people who cannot fight back and whom false tradition or propaganda has labelled as the cause of the trouble. Thus, Jews have been blamed for the troubles of Germany, and southern poor whites take out their feelings of frustration on Negroes. What propaganda directed against prejudice must do is to show these people the real causes of their social ills, and indicate to them some realistic ways of solving their problems. Germany is no better off economically for having killed the Jews, and southern poor whites do not raise their standard of living by lynching or beating Negroes.

While these and other suggestions for propagandists are based on sound cultural analysis, they have never been tested experimentally. There is great need for closer relationship between the social scientist and the propagandist. The propagandist needs to take advantage of the tested knowledge and theoretical analyses that have been developed by the social scientist. The social scientist, in turn, needs to have the opportunity to have his theories tested in actual operation by the propagandist. Much of the laborious work of the social scientist has been useless because it has not been possible to carry out studies in real life situations. Much knowledge that is capable of being used has not been used. Certainly the propagandist needs more knowledge if he is to be successful, and the social scientist needs to make his studies more relevant to the aims, the conditions of communication, and the audiences of the propagandist.

GRANDMOTHER

I fear that further social science research directed at the reduction of prejudice will be expensive, and the question can legitimately be raised whether it would not be better to spend the money in action programs. On the other hand, vast sums and great quantities of labor are being expended today in efforts the effectiveness of which no one has evaluated. Surely there is some doubt as to whether current propaganda techniques are the most effective which could be used. There is considerable controversy even among the propagandists as to whose efforts have the greatest value. For example, there are questions constantly being raised as to whether it is wise to give factual denial to anti-Semitic allegations that Jews dominate international banking, as to whether the slave background of Negroes should be used to explain their backwardness, as to whether the issue of personal association should be mentioned in pressing for economic equality. Some of these doubts

and controversies could be resolved by careful scientific research. There comes a time when we can no longer wait to do things in a slipshod manner, trusting to luck that things will turn out all right. The social scientist can help the propagandist whose aim is to eliminate the blight of prejudice from our civilization.

Now professor of sociology at Bennington College, Arnold Rose was assistant author with Gunnar Myrdal of An American Dilemma. He has been a research associate with the Chicago Plan Commission; project director for the Research Branch of the Morale Services Division of the War Department, both in the U.S. and in the Mediterranean Theater; assistant professor of sociology at Howard University; and consultant for the American Council on Race Relations and other organizations.

GRANDMOTHER

FRANK MLAKAR

THE bearded driver broke off abruptly the song he had been mumbling to himself, began to cluck hoarsely at the lumbering pair of oxen, and then, as the log wagon creaked to a stop on top of the hill, he moved his hat far back on his shaggy head and proclaimed, "Sodrazhitsa!"

My mother and Aunt Meri were home again, returning after fifteen years in America to the place of their birth.

There, below us, on the edge of the plain that fell away from the hills lay

the little village of Sodrazhitsa that we had come so far to see, folded quietly between two streams that tumbled down from somewhere high up in the mountains. The driver of the oxen rumbled angrily through his beard. "I suppose it's not very big to you Amerikantsi."

My mother's eyes were fastened on a tiny stone house that stood clinging to the slope, not far from the church. She had said not a word, but began to weep softly as Aunt Meri reached for her hand.

After muttering to himself, the driver

clucked to his oxen and with a snort they leaned reluctantly forward again, slobbering mightily down their jaws. The log wagon on which we had ridden all day to this remote corner of Slovenia rolled almost by itself now toward the bright green fields which were arranged so neatly on the plain they seemed stitched together.

When we came to the church, the driver uncovered his shaggy head and crossed himself with the thumb of his right hand. My mother and Aunt Meri crossed themselves in the same way, while I held on to my brother Joey to keep him from falling off the logs. The oxen lumbered on till the driver pulled them up before the tiny stone house we had seen from the top of the hill.

We waited in silence.

A tall woman appeared in the doorway and stood there, not moving as she gazed at us except to shield her eyes from the late sun.

Aunt Meri and my mother clambered down from the wagon and rushed to the silent woman. There was a soft exclamation of recognition from her. Soon all three were weeping.

The driver lifted Joey and me down from the wagon. As we were placed on the ground, the tall woman, who was our Aunt Nezha, swept us deeply into her bosom; then, murmuring endearments, she led us into the stone house. My mother and Aunt Meri followed behind, suddenly timid.

Inside the house it was dim and still among the stone walls. My mother's eyes had turned toward the far end of the room. We began moving there, toward the tiny old woman sitting hunched on a stool, whose hands rested so quietly in her lap they might have been laid there a long time ago.

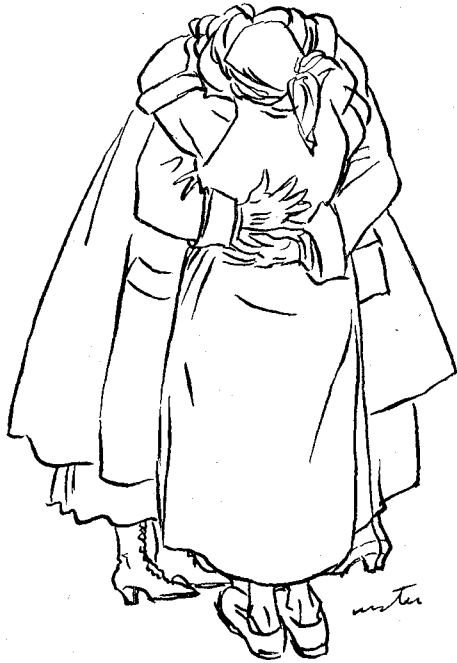
My mother and Aunt Meri fell on their knees before the little figure, picked up

the tiny hands and pressed them to their lips. A long slow tear came from the wrinkled eyelids and rolled down the cheeks that looked the color of old leaves. The head began to bob and shake, and then our little grandmother began to repeat over and over again, "My little girls! My little girls!"

"Mamika! Mamika!" cried my mother and Aunt Meri.

When Grandmother caught sight of Joey and me, she lifted her wispy arms toward us.

"The little Amerikantsi!" She raised herself from the stool and I noticed at once that Grandmother was no taller



than I, and I was only nine years old. My eyes were level with hers. Something stirred in me and I almost cried. How very old she was! The skin at the corners of her mouth and eyes was all gathered up into wrinkled pockets. I had never before seen anyone so old!

My mother helped her back to her stool, and soon they were all chattering back and forth. Grandmother and Aunt Nezha wanted to know everything that had happened to the sisters who had gone away such a long time ago. My eyes wandered over the room, taking in the knickknacks on a shelf that ran the length of the far end of it, the big corner oven. A fly buzzed under the low ceiling and I watched it knock itself against the small panes of glass set in the wall.

"Meri and I came from America to buy you this house, Mamika," my mother was saying. "We wanted to do it a long time ago, but sometimes our men weren't work-



ing, and then the children came. It will be yours now, as soon as young Pogorelec signs the papers over to you. We've been in correspondence about it."

Grandmother sat very still. Then her lips began to tremble. She turned helplessly from one woman to the other; then, perhaps because I was nearest to her, she reached toward me and pulled me to her. The shrunken head with its wispy hair fell on my shoulder.

When at last she lifted her head, it

bobbled from side to side. She could not hold it still. "We've never owned land before," Grandmother whispered, and then almost sang to herself, "Land of our own! I'll die on land of our own!"

The excitement was too much for her, and Aunt Nezha felt forced to lead her to bed. At her bedside, Grandmother prayed for a long time, and when she finished praying her face was so rosy with happiness my mother and Aunt Meri burst into tears.

That first night in Slovenia I slept on the big corner oven that took up almost a full quarter of the room. While my mother was arranging the bed clothes, she showed me the little figures and animals she had carved on the wall as a little girl. I looked at her with new wonder, for I had not believed her capable of such tricks.

The next morning I awoke feeling someone tugging at me. It was Grandmother. She had climbed onto the bench that ran round two sides of the oven.

Peering up at me she whispered, "Do you want to go to church with me?" I knew it was early. In the room there was only a bluish light. She chuckled as I nodded sleepily, then helped me wash and dress. We left the house tip-toeing.

Outside on the road were already a number of men, women, and children. The women, like Grandmother, were dressed all in black, their feet moving unseen under the long, sober skirts. The men wore their everyday clothes; after church they would go to work in their fields. The barefooted children pranced all around us, gawking at me with curiosity till Grandmother shooed them away.

Inside the church was an incessant murmuring, as if everyone at once was whispering to his closest neighbor. But heads were bowed low. The women pulled bead after bead of their rosaries between thumb and forefinger. The priest had not yet ap-

peared. The church was plain, almost bare; there were only some carvings and flowers on the altar and a few drawings on the walls. The seats were worn smooth. As new arrivals came in, they did not look around for seats but dropped into a place as though it had belonged to them since childhood.

Once Grandmother touched me and I smiled at her, almost forgetting that I was in church.

A bell tinkled somewhere and the priest appeared. Grandmother rose to her feet with the other parishioners, but thereafter she remained on her knees throughout the Mass. I needed to help her to her feet when it came time to leave.

We walked home slowly. Grandmother was dreadfully tired.

When Aunt Nezha caught sight of us, she came running down the road to meet us and began scolding Grandmother immediately. But Grandmother only peered up at her and chuckled slyly. Greatly vexed, Aunt Nezha led us into the house.

All morning long Grandmother fidgeted and could not sit still. When she was begged to lie down, she refused. Her eyes sparkled and she chuckled to herself.

As the afternoon began to wear on, however, she began to show impatience and tapped angrily on the floor with her stick. "Come, come," she finally broke out, "when is young Pogorelec coming to sign the papers?"

"Mamika, they must be got ready," said my mother. "It's serious, this business of buying land, and a lot of documents are necessary. Pogorelec will probably come here tonight."

Grandmother was disgruntled. "The Mayor has doubtless put his long nose into this because he smells American money," she said, quivering with anger and impatience. Suddenly she got up from the stool and said to me, "Come, *sinchek*, let's have a look at this land of ours."

My mother tried to dissuade her, but Grandmother would not listen. She placed her hand on my shoulder and, while my mother stood by protesting helplessly, we walked out.

The hill behind us rolled down to where we stood, then flattened so that it was like a broad shelf, then slid down to the plain. Grandmother's land would be almost completely on this shelf.

Her eyes were fixed on the group of gnarled trees near us, their branches twisting stubbornly where the winds had battered them. "There," she indicated, "let's go there," and I led her carefully across the road that separated the house from the orchard. I looked above me, saw the twisting branches full of plums, and immediately leaped up for one. In a moment I had stuffed it into my mouth.

"Ugh!" I spat the plum out so fast it shot to the ground like a bullet.

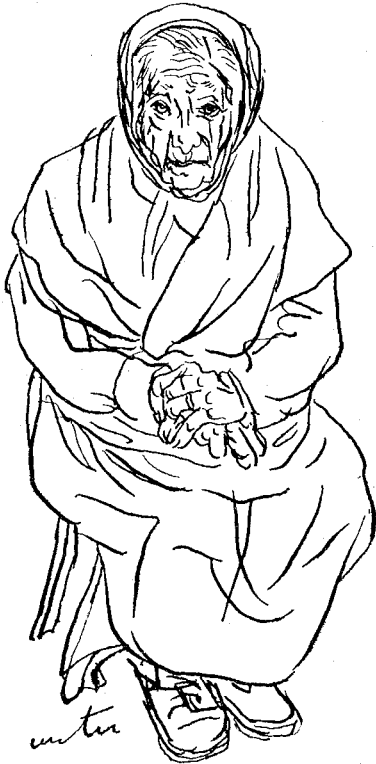
"Bitter," said Grandmother calmly. "They're always that way." She picked up a plum that had fallen to the ground and rubbed it in her hand till it shone like a jewel, her eyes glistening with joy. She put it into the pocket of her apron and picked up another. An exclamation of disgust broke from her as she examined it closely. Her hands worried the fruit till it cracked open. Lodged inside was a pale wriggling worm. Grandmother squashed it dispassionately between her fingers and scowled darkly at the tree above her.

Then, leaning against my shoulder, she led me here and there over the little plot of land that wasn't much bigger than our yard back home in Cleveland, Ohio. Once, as I matched my step with hers, I had for a moment the strange feeling that we were walking inside of one another. My breath came as quickly as hers. We squatted low together and began to grub in the soft black dirt. Grandmother rubbed it between her fingers. "Now it will belong to the person who has worked

GRANDMOTHER

it," she said. "For the first time since I can remember, it will belong to the person who has worked it."

Sitting on my heels, I looked into her eyes. Grandmother let me see how important it was I know what she felt, even though I was an American and would never live on this land. As we got to our feet, she pleaded we rest just a bit more. Her face had turned pale and her hands trembled.



Finally she tugged at my hand. "Come, let's go back." She was very tired. We walked past the plum trees, turned toward the house. Suddenly a tremor shook Grandmother. She gave a hoarse cry, stumbled, and collapsed against my side. For a moment there was fear on her face, then pain swept it away. Her eyes closed and she moaned.

I yelled with all my might. Aunt Meri and my mother came running.

"Oh, Mamikal!" groaned my mother. "I knew you shouldn't go out." She and Aunt Meri caught Grandmother up and carried her across the road and into the house. Aunt Nezha, after a sharp exclamation, ran for the village doctor.

The two sisters busied themselves preparing Grandmother for bed, bathing her face, rubbing her hands. She lay quietly, with no color. When Aunt Nezha came back with the doctor, I waited impatiently outside of Grandmother's room, wondering what was going on in the mysterious silence, eaten with remorse for having allowed her to stay out so long.

At last my mother came out.

I saw the look on her face.

"Grandmother's going to die!" I cried.

My mother caught me in her arms and began to weep.

When the doctor left, I rushed into the other room. Grandmother lay very still on the big wide bed, her little body so flat it hardly raised the sheet. She gave me a faint smile.

Aunt Nezha appeared in the doorway and beckoned to us. Behind her stood the parish priest, a solemn young man holding in his hand a round-topped hat. Grandmother's eyes opened wide when she saw him, but she allowed him to come in. We moved quietly out of the room.

Young Pogorelec, the owner of the land that we were going to buy for Grandmother, was sitting on the oven bench, waiting, his hat on his knees, in his hands a mass of official looking documents. My mother whispered to him to come back the next day and he left.

Later that evening when I went to see Grandmother, she beckoned me to come close. Her voice was very weak and I had to bend down to hear her.

"Has young Pogorelec been here?" she asked anxiously.

I nodded dumbly, and added that he had been told to come back tomorrow.

Grandmother's eyes closed tiredly.

The next morning she merely nuzzled at the mush Aunt Nezha had prepared for her. With a sigh she put down her spoon. Her eyes went to my mother.

"Tonchka, have you arranged things with Pogorelec?"

My mother smiled uneasily. "There, there, Mamika," she said, "you must not worry about that now." She patted Grandmother's hand and went out of the room without saying anything else.

Grandmother's eyes darted wildly at me. What did this mean? She half raised herself, then fell back on the pillow. I went out after my mother, then hid myself in a corner of the room. The three women were talking so excitedly they did not see me come in.

Their voices raised. What were they to do? Now that Grandmother had not long to live? They had been willing to buy the house for her, even though they knew she would spend no more than a year or so in it; it would have been worth it, for her happiness. But now, when it seemed—The purchase of a house and land was no light matter.

Aunt Nezha complicated the business even more by suggesting that even if my mother and Aunt Meri did buy the house, she would not want it for herself after Grandmother died. She wanted to come to America.

The sisters threw up their hands and sighed together.

I left my place in the corner and walked up to them.

"You promised," I said.

My mother gaped.

I spun on my heel, dashed back into Grandmother's room, and put my head on her pillow. Grandmother reached for my hand. When I raised my face, she understood.

"Perhaps it was not to be," she said.

"It will be, Grandmother!" I whispered fiercely. "They promised, and we'll make them. They promised that you would die on your own land."

I felt her hand stiffen in mine. "They promised," she said. She thought of something, then smiled craftily at me, patting me on the hand.

On the third day, Grandmother's lips had sunk in over her toothless gums and her hands did not have the strength to lift themselves. Her body, wracked and worn, seemed to knot itself before our eyes, to set itself stubbornly against the pain. My mother and her sisters attended constantly to her. They urged her to eat, and she ate; but they did not meet her eyes, which blazed strangely.

By this time I knew what Grandmother had determined to do.

Young Pogorelec had come and gone again.

The priest spent a good deal of time with Grandmother, but she did not pay much attention to him. We could hear his voice through the closed door, low and pleading; then followed his long sigh, and he would leave the house, his round-topped hat jammed low on his head.

The doctor became brusque in his manner as he looked in upon Grandmother and fiddled nervously with his beard.

On the fourth day, young Pogorelec became exasperated and said he would not come back again.

The three women talked and talked. Oh, Lord in Heaven, what was to be done? My mother and Aunt Meri recounted the sacrifices they had made in America to get together the purchase price of the land and house. Was it all to be thrown away now, this hard-earned money?

They began to watch Grandmother closely.

She was in pain and moaned a great

GRANDMOTHER

deal, but her lips had turned themselves stubbornly out over the gums again. A faint flush showed in her cheeks. The doctor could not understand what had happened or what held her back from the grave.

"Peace, peace," counseled the priest and pressed the eyelids down over her eyes. Raising his fingers after a time he would flinch before Grandmother's fierce uncompromising stare, set his shoulders, and stalk out of the house, as much as to say, "Such a disgrace!"

My mother and her sisters prayed for hours in the church, wondering what to do.

On the fifth day, after the doctor had left the house mumbling to himself, I dashed into Grandmother's room and surprised her crying fitfully.

She clutched at my hand and we wept together.

Then I went storming into the other room.

"You buy the house and let Grandmother die!" I shouted.

The three sisters sat in a circle, not looking up as I stood before them.

My mother tried to pull me into her arms but I shrugged her aside.

"Sinchek," she pleaded, and placed in my hands some official looking papers. "Grandmother is now owner of the house and land."

I blinked unbelievably, then burst into tears and fell into her arms.

Aunt Nezha bade me take the papers to Grandmother.

But Grandmother seemed to know already. Her lips were lifting in a weak smile. My words tumbled out and she appeared to be listening. I put her hand on the papers and went out of the room.

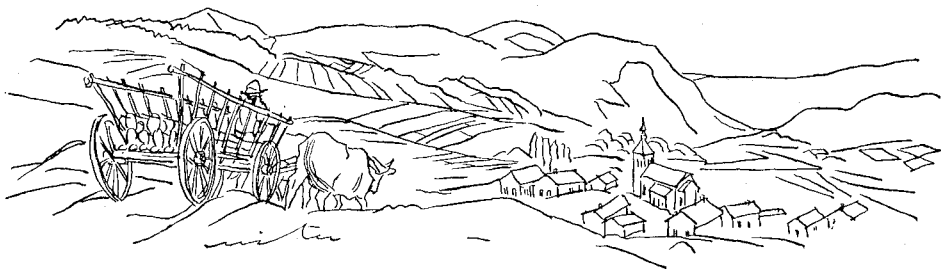
That evening the priest came again. He lighted the candles round her bed and prayed a long time.

In the morning Grandmother died. Her body was placed in the pine box the village carpenter had made for her. Holy water was set beside her in a little dish which held also a sprig of palm, and for two days the villagers of Sodrazhitsa came to pray and to sprinkle her body with holy water.

On that first day I went by myself into Grandmother's grove of plum trees and carefully selected a plum; and late that evening, when no one was watching, I stole into Grandmother's room and hid under her body the plum I had burnished in my hands to a glowing purple.

Frank Mlakar is the former assistant editor of *COMMON GROUND*. Discharged from the Army last spring, he is now at work on a novel.

Bernadine Custer is the illustrator.



CALVARY WAY

MAY MILLER

How did you feel, Mary,
Womb heavy with Christ Child,
Tasting the dust of uncertain journey?
Were you afraid?
When, winding the swaddling clothes,
You laid Him in the manger,
Were you afraid?
Could you trace nail holes
Under His curling fingers,
Thorn pricks on the forehead?
Could you trace them?

I should bear a warm brown baby,
A new dark world of wonder;
But I fear the nails that pierce the spirit,
The unseen cross—humiliation.
How did you feel, Mary,
On the road beyond the star-lit manger,
Up the hill to crucifixion?
Were you afraid?

May Miller is a graduate of Howard University and has done graduate work at Columbia. Formerly a teacher of speech and dramatics in the Baltimore schools, she has published a number of plays, short stories, and poems.

WHAT KIND OF AMERICA FOR THEM?

These pictures of American children of differing race and nationality backgrounds were taken by Elizabeth Colman, whose book of photographs, *Chinatown, U.S.A.*, was published by John Day in August.

RACIAL DEMOCRACY—THE NAVY WAY

LESTER B. GRANGER

SINCE June, 1940, an impressive number of newspaper stories and editorials and magazine articles have been devoted to the subject of racial discrimination in the armed services of the United States. This emphasis on a shameful wartime distortion of America's democratic ideals was, of course, entirely justified. However, it is regrettable that little attention has been paid to a much brighter side of the picture—the Navy's experience and accomplishments in the use of almost 200,000 Negro servicemen—seamen, petty and commissioned officers.

World War II started with the Navy presenting a dismal record and policy in the use of Negro personnel. Until the attack on Pearl Harbor, and for several months thereafter, Negroes were accepted in the Navy only in the Steward's Branch—a type of service to which only Negroes and Filipinos were assigned. This branch was composed of men who served the personal needs of commissioned officers in their living and eating. The policy had been inherited by our wartime Navy leadership. It was established during the administration of President Woodrow Wilson shortly after the close of World War I. This discriminatory policy temporarily closed a long chapter of naval history written by Negroes in service from the days of Commander Perry on Lake Champlain down to the close of World War I. The shift in policy was announced boldly by closing down all Negro naval enlistments and reopening them several months later only for service as steward's mates.

Navy Secretary Frank Knox held stubbornly to this policy even after the outbreak of World War II. Presumably backed by his ranking advisers, the Secretary insisted, in the face of strong protest, that the morale of the service would be disrupted if this racial policy were changed. Here was the "old regular Navy," so far as Negro service was concerned.

A brand new regular Navy, in a racial sense, was one of the happier results of World War II. Something had happened in the four years between Pearl Harbor and the beginning of peacetime demobilization. A steady stream of tens of thousands of Negro men and women had marched in Navy induction lines, donned the uniform of the service, and received assignment in a vast variety of service duties. Practically all of these for the war's duration were in the naval reserve. But within a few months after the war's end, Navy policy had progressed to the point where Negro enlistments in the regular Navy were being accepted without hindrance or discrimination. Their service in the Steward's Branch continued, but by April 30, 1946, 19,102 Negroes had enlisted in the regular Navy and 2,887 of their number were classified in general service, including skilled and combat categories. Of this latter number, 24 held ratings as chief petty officers. It was the first time since 1921 that the regular Navy had opened its general service to enlistments without regard to race.

A great deal had happened in a quarter-century span radically to change the Navy's racial policy. For instance, the manpower needs of America-at-war drew approximately one million young men and women of the Negro race into the armed forces and nearly 20 per cent of these were assigned to Navy service. Ships had to be repaired, as well as manned; ammunition must be loaded and shipped, as well as fired. Thus Negroes and whites, and foreign- and native-born, were called from city and town, from factory and farm, to man the ships and handle Navy supplies. Once they were assigned to the service, the Navy was faced with the driving need for efficiency in the use of these tens of thousands of new Negro personnel. The Bureau of Naval Personnel and other ranking service leadership were faced with serious questions concerning the morale of their Negro troops. This question became all the more serious as overwhelming criticisms and protests were voiced by Negro spokesmen and a large number of white liberals against the Navy's initial refusal to accept Negroes except for what they termed "menial service" in a branch of our armed forces.

All of these factors were heavy determinants in the change of the Navy's racial policy. But the final, and possibly the most important, factor was the personal conviction of the new Secretary of the Navy, James Forrestal, who assumed office after the death of Mr. Knox in 1944. It was under Mr. Forrestal's leadership that formal Navy policies which had already begun to change were carried faster and farther than most observers would have deemed possible during the acrimonious discussions of the first three years of war.

And acrimonious is a mild term to apply to the torrent of discussion that raged across the country. The Army, as well as the Navy, was under heavy

criticism from Negro spokespersonship. The Army was condemned as a reactionary Jim Crow institution. But the Navy was especially condemned, for not only were Negroes segregated in their service, but they were restricted to a branch which was intensely unpopular because of the civilian associations connected with it. "Waiters and bellhops going to sea" was the scornful way in which one irate Negro critic described the Steward's Branch. As a matter of fact, this description did less than justice to the Negroes who serve as steward's mates. They are not menials; they are fighters first and stewards second. They are trained for battle duties, and when the ship goes into action, steward's mates take their places at guns, are exposed to the same risks, and carry out the same duties as their white shipmates. When action is concluded, carpenters go back to their regular duties and machinists to theirs; stewards return to the galley, the officer's mess, and the ward room. Dorie Miller, the heroic steward's mate who won the Distinguished Service Medal through conspicuous gallantry during the attack on Pearl Harbor, is a standing reminder of the fact that the Steward's Branch, like the rest of the Navy, is a fighting branch. Nevertheless, it was natural and proper for Negroes to protest against restriction of Negroes to service in this one type of activity alone. The resentment of the public only reflected the angry discontent of the men actually in service. Some of these were college students, skilled mechanics, men with professional training, and others of superior education and experience.

A reluctant Navy Department early in 1942 retreated slightly in the face of this criticism and announced that Negroes would be accepted for general service. Even this announcement failed to stem the tide of protest. But a limited number of Negro recruits immediately enlisted,

and that number increased rapidly. In February, 1943, when the regular recruiting program was discontinued, large numbers of personnel began to be inducted in Navy service through Selective Service procedures. By the end of 1943, there were 101,573 Negro enlisted personnel on active duty. This number continued to increase as long as the war lasted; 142,306 by the end of June, 1944; 152,895 by the end of that year; and a high of 165,466 on October 31, 1945, nearly three months after the war's end. But Negro critics soon found that "general service" as announced by Secretary Knox did not mean free service opportunity. They noted an overwhelmingly large proportion of Negroes assigned to duty at ammunition and supply depots, performing the strenuous and unromantic laboring work involved in handling ammunition and loading ships. To quote one observer, they had "swapped the waiter's apron for the stevedore's grappling hook." Thus, while Negroes continued to pour into the Navy, bitter argument waxed stronger and morale noticeably waned.

Dramatic evidence of impaired morale was seen in three mass demonstrations, widely separated: one a mutiny, one a race riot, and the other a hunger strike. The mass mutiny took place at Mare Island, California, as an aftermath of a mammoth ammunition explosion at the Port Chicago Ammunition Depot nearby. At this depot, practically the entire enlisted personnel were Negroes, and 300 enlisted men were killed in the explosion. Some days later a detachment of 250 of the survivors, assigned to loading an ammunition ship at Mare Island, refused to work, claiming inadequate training and safety provisions for this hazardous job. In the face of repeated warnings, fifty persisted in their refusal to work. They were court-martialed for mutiny and sentenced to long prison terms.

On Guam, in the Pacific, an even more serious disturbance took place, for here arguments and fights carried on for several months between Negro seamen, members of naval base companies, and white Marine guards of the Island, resulted in a Christmas season race riot. After a Negro sailor was killed by a white serviceman, a group of the dead man's comrades broke into the barracks armory, seized weapons, commandeered trucks, and headed for the Marine Guard barracks. They were intercepted en route, covered by machine guns, and arrested. They were court-martialed on several charges, including illegal possession of government property, rout, and incitement to riot; found guilty, and sentenced to terms ranging from five to twenty years.

The third demonstration, a hunger strike of Negro Seabees, took place at Port Hueneme, a naval supply base in California. The battalion had been overseas for many months, and after meritorious performance had been returned for rest and reassignment. Charging unfair and racially discriminatory treatment by the white commanding officer, they refused to report at chow lines and went on a hunger strike that lasted several days. When news of the strike hit the front pages of Negro weeklies and the inside pages of the metropolitan dailies, civilian organizations interceded in behalf of the strikers. The strike ended with the transference of the commanding officer in question, and the battalion was shortly shipped back overseas to Okinawa to resume meritorious performance.

These developments served to speed steps already underway to remove the worst aspects of segregation and discrimination in the service. The Bureau of Naval Personnel had initiated increased assignment of Negroes to advanced training schools and to ratings as petty officers; establishment of a special officers' class

COMMON GROUND

and commissioning of a dozen Negro officers; assignment of Negroes to service on auxiliary and shore patrol craft; and reduction of the over-heavy proportion of Negroes in supply base and ammunition depot activities. Negro machinists and other technicians made their appearance in naval air stations, at ship-repair establishments, and in Navy offices. Indoctrination courses were established for white officers assigned to command of Negro naval troops. Efforts were made to weed out from such assignment white officers who were emotionally unsuited for association with Negro troops. A unit was established in the Bureau of Naval Personnel to police administration of regulations dealing with the integration of Negroes in naval service.

Still, progressive changes moved too slowly to silence the clamor of angry argument and recrimination which broke out afresh after the series of incidents referred to above. Therefore, Secretary Forrestal took steps to accelerate the improvements already underway and to initiate new ones aimed at invalidating any charge that the Navy was discriminating against any member of the service because of his race. Mr. Forrestal conferred in December, 1944, with a group of Negro newspaper publishers, and early in the spring of 1945, acting upon their advice, he decided to appoint a civilian aide to give him guidance and counsel in this important program.

I was surprised one March morning to receive a letter from the Secretary of the Navy inviting me to join him in Washington as his civilian aide. I had several conversations with Mr. Forrestal on the subject, pointing out that as Executive Secretary of the National Urban League I could not accept a full-time assignment which would take me away from responsibilities important not only to Negroes but

to the entire nation in time of war. Consequently, Mr. Forrestal's invitation was scaled down to a request involving special advisory services rendered intermittently, with a minimum of interference with the work of the National Urban League. My Executive Board approved acceptance of this request and for the next six months I traveled and conferred as the Secretary's special representative, using the experience I had acquired in the Urban League to help improve and adjust the status of Negroes in naval service.

They were busy and exciting months, crowded with travel, conferences, and inspections. I journeyed some 50,000 miles by air, visiting 67 separate naval activities in the country and in the Pacific Ocean area. In the activities which I visited, there were approximately 70,000 Negro enlisted men. Some notion of the pace at which I traveled can be gained from the fact that I talked face to face with approximately 10,000 of their number. Some of the men I conferred with as individuals and in small groups. Sometimes I met with several dozen or several hundred, in recreation halls or open air theatres. Always my conferences were held with no officers present. The officers I talked with separately, before and after conferring with the enlisted men. I consulted with district commandants, with officials of the Bureau of Naval Personnel, and with other ranking leadership. Thus I accumulated a large store of information regarding the actual conditions under which Negroes served in the U.S. Navy. Equally important, I was able to gauge through conversations with the men themselves their opinions of what those conditions were and how they might be improved, for the absence of "Navy brass" in these heart-to-heart talks impelled the men to speak freely, sometimes bitterly, about conditions which they faced daily.

An invaluable aide in these observation and inspection trips was a young white officer, Lt. Robert P. Roper, who was assigned to my tours by the Bureau of Naval Personnel. A native of Richmond, Virginia, Mr. Roper was a sympathetic and skillful assistant. He considered his mission no social crusade. He was simply a decent young American with a deep love and respect for the Navy, and with an abiding conviction that racial discrimination and efficient Navy service could not be reconciled. I mention Lt. Roper because he was in so many ways typical of the best that I found among Navy leadership on high and low levels and because he contrasted so sharply with the worst of that leadership.

I found a large number of officers sincerely anxious to remove barriers found to prevent free and efficient functioning of any part of the Navy. They desired intensely to produce the best Navy possible and thereby to defend the interest of their country at war. Their views and the official views of the Department coincided in the publication of a service manual entitled *Guide to the Command of Negro Naval Personnel*, issued by the Bureau of Naval Personnel on February 12, 1945.

The manual was part of the indoctrination material provided white officers responsible for Negro troops. In simple language, it set forth high departmental policy and practical administrative suggestions. It established four basic principles, guiding racial policies:

1) As a fighting machine, the Navy is concerned first of all with developing its services to the highest possible level of fighting efficiency;

2) To attain such efficiency all personnel must be employed at the highest level of their individual training and capabilities;

3) No theory can be accepted which

assumes differences in ability based upon race;

4) Racial differences of performance are generally caused by improper command practices or previous civilian experience which can be corrected through wise command policies.

I found the manual of real help even though few of the officers with whom I talked during my first visits had as yet read it. Nevertheless, I was able to refer to the manual as the "new testament" of Navy policy and such reference effectively discouraged any questions which the unindoctrinated might otherwise have raised regarding the wisdom and practicability of my point of view.

At regular intervals I made routine reports to Secretary Forrestal and those reports not only pointed out unsatisfactory situations as discovered, but also presented recommendations for improving these situations and general standards of racial practices. My reports were passed on by the Secretary to the Bureau of Naval Personnel, which was charged with judging the practicability of my recommendations and putting into operation those which were accepted.

From month to month new progressive changes could be noted. Negroes in service on auxiliary and combat vessels increased steadily, both in number and variety of assignment. By the war's end, auxiliary ships in both Atlantic and Pacific operations were carrying Negro complements up to 10 per cent of their total crews. As was inevitable on vessels of small and medium size, Negro and white crew-members worked, ate, and slept together with a minimum of racial separation—and, indeed, in most cases with a total absence of racial separation. The number of Negro commissioned officers increased from an original 12 to 52 at the war's close, the highest ranking of these holding a reserve commission of

COMMON GROUND

Lieutenant Commander. Separate training schools were abolished, as was racial segregation within regular schools. At the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Negro "boots" entered, were classified, and were assigned to quarters and duty together with their white fellows without any sign of segregation. Hundreds of Negro petty and commissioned officers were given responsibilities for commanding racially mixed working details. Negroes served in such capacities as carpenters, radiomen, machinists, aviation machinists, motor machinists, radar operators, storekeepers, yeomen, and all through the whole spread of Navy rates. Thirteen thousand Negroes were in Seabee outfits and 10,000 in the Marines, with two Negro Marine battalions given anti-aircraft assignments. All of these changes were carried forward under the active direction of Admiral Randall Jacobs, Chief of Naval Personnel, and, later, by Admiral Louis Denfeld, his successor. They had the explicit endorsement of Fleet Admirals Ernest King and Chester W. Nimitz, who succeeded Admiral King after the war's close.

The final test of the lasting nature of the Navy's revised policy was made, however, in the fall of 1945. On my return from the Pacific area, I conferred at Pearl Harbor with Admiral Nimitz and found him in agreement not only with my observations but also with the concluding recommendations I proposed to submit to Secretary Forrestal. One of these was that the wartime advances in racial policy be secured as a permanent policy in the regular, as well as the reserve, Navy, and that specific directives to this effect be issued by the Department. With Admiral Nimitz's endorsement, therefore, the Secretary received a recommendation that enlisted Negroes be accepted without hindrance in the regular

Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard; that Negro reserve officers applying for regular Navy commissions be given full consideration, regardless of race; that service of Negroes on vessels be extended to general service on all combat ships up to and including battleships and aircraft carriers; and that the number of Negroes in any vessel or activity be reduced to such a low proportion that the question of separate housing provisions would become purely academic.

It is now a matter of history and public record that these recommendations have been accepted and put into practice practically in their entirety. An official directive from the Bureau of Naval Personnel, dated February 28, 1946, declared as follows: "Effective immediately, all restrictions governing the types of assignments for which Negro naval personnel are eligible are lifted. Henceforth they shall be eligible for all types of assignments in all ratings in all activities and all ships of the naval service. . . . In the utilization of housing, messing, and other facilities, no special or unusual provisions will be made for the accommodation of Negroes." Two illustrations, cited briefly, show how the spirit, as well as the letter, of the recommendations was carried out. On the Island of Guam, I met a Negro Marine Sergeant Major who was slightly over age for regular Marine service, but who had compiled a record of fifteen years of service in the Army, the Navy, and the Marines combined. Special instructions from the Bureau of Naval Personnel were dispatched to Guam that Sergeant Major Johnson of the 52nd Anti-Aircraft Marine Battalion be examined for regular Marine service and that his age be disregarded, provided he passed all other enlistment requirements.

At Pearl Harbor I had met Chief Boatswain Charles B. Lear, who, so far as I know, was the only Negro Warrant Of-

ficer. Chief Lear had applied for regular Navy enlistment, but his application had been passed over because of lack of sea duty. I called the Department's attention to his excellent record and his unusual qualifications. His case was subsequently reviewed, and special instructions from the Bureau of Naval Personnel were to the effect that Warrant Officer Lear be sworn into the regular Navy if his application still held good.

As I write this article, there is still no Negro officer with a regular Navy commission. Three are known to have applied, but two were over age and the case of the third has not yet been passed on. Nevertheless, one of the two, Lt. Dennis Nelson, has been retained in service as a reserve officer and assigned to the Training and Instructor Section of the Bureau of Personnel.

The latest official figures on the number of Negroes classified for general service in the regular Navy are not available. However, it is certain that the number has considerably increased since the last date of record-taking on April 30, 1946. In the New York recruiting office alone, after violations of recruiting orders were corrected, 600 Negroes were sworn in during a 60-day period. These figures are encouraging, but neither their presentation nor this report as a whole is intended to offer the U.S. Navy as an example of perfectly operating racial democracy. Of course, the Navy can still be criticized for occasional deviations from the path of rectitude. It required a sharp wrench for some of the Navy leadership—more for the new than for the old—suddenly to revise established notions and prejudices as to a special "place" for Negroes in a fighting service. The important point to remember is that an admirable policy has been established officially and effectively and that tremendous progress has been made toward effective administration of

that policy. It is significant that, acting partly on my recommendations and partly on the routine judgment of members of the pardon board, the Navy granted clemency last December to all of the mutineers at Mare Island and to all but one of the rioters on Guam. These men have been released from confinement and returned to duty in the Pacific. If their subsequent records so warrant, they will receive honorable discharges upon leaving the service. This gratuitous action indicates something of the anxiety on the part of Navy officialdom to justify its racial record, not only in the eyes of a critical public, but also to the satisfaction of those who love the Navy and wish to keep the Navy name untarnished.

Obviously, there will still remain in the Navy for some time certain individuals in key posts who will either resent the sharp change of policy or will remain unconvinced that it will work. It is possible that the efforts of some of these will be slyly directed to the end of preventing the policy from working. And not only officer leadership may be disaffected. There are thousands of white enlisted men who resent any close association with their Negro fellows, since this violates all of the attitudes ingrained in them as civilians. And we must not forget that there are numerous Negroes who, chronically suspicious of whites, are just as unready for harmonious teamwork with whites as whites with them. Perfect conclusion of the Navy's efforts will not be noted until patient and skillful education, consistently exerted disciplinary controls, and constant reference to the basic needs of the service have ironed out these wrinkles and produced a smoothly working practice that conforms at every point with official policy.

Still, in spite of frequent lags and subtle resistance, the Navy Department has forged ahead on a bright new path

COMMON GROUND

that leads toward complete racial democracy in an armed service of the world's greatest democracy. It is symbolic that today for the first time in history a Negro midshipman is making a good record as a third-year classman in the Naval Academy at Annapolis. I recently visited the battleship *North Carolina* and saw this young man on his training cruise with 600 of his classmates. On the same vessel, 100 Negro enlisted men, of whom half were in general service, moved about the ship with their white shipmates, working and fraternizing. There was no sign of racial strain—in fact, the situation had been produced so quietly as a natural development of Navy policy that the public was unaware of the changes and the men themselves were unconscious of the fact that they were making modern history.

This and similar changes have been accomplished with a minimum of friction and confusion and with a maximum of efficiency in a service which prides itself, above all things, on efficiency. The Navy's wartime experience in racial democracy provides a lesson which can teach much to every leadership group in America. If the service could make these changes successfully in time of war, when the very existence of the nation depended upon their success, there is no defensible reason

for American government, industry, business, and labor refusing to make comparable changes in time of peace for the same great national purpose. America is feverishly searching for the road to real democracy. The Navy's example stands as an admonition, as well as an inspiration. What was the Navy way can easily be made the American way.

For the past five years, Lester B. Granger has been Executive Secretary of the National Urban League, an agency for interracial action in social work. For 25 years, and on a national scale, he has acquired experience in many fields in working out problems relating to racial needs of Negroes. His work was recognized at the 1946 Commencement of Dartmouth College, when it awarded him its honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters.

For his services to the Navy, Secretary Forrestal presented him on December 31, 1945, with the Distinguished Civilian Service Award. His citation concluded: "Courageous and fair in criticism, honest and temperate in praise, Mr. Granger has performed a delicate and important task in a manner deserving of the Navy's highest civilian award."

COURT-MARTIAL

PHILIP THAYER

HE ought to be court-martialed. That's all there is to it."

Lt. Wren's voice sounded high and irritable. He had been pacing excitedly in front of the table where the captain sat, and now he threw his cigarette on the floor and sat down in a chair against the wall. He reached in his pocket and pulled out another cigarette.

The captain did not say anything for a minute, but sat heavily in his chair, gazing out the window. He pulled on the lobe of his right ear.

"It sounds bad," he said, "but Jackson has been in the company ever since I've been here, and this is the first time I've ever heard anything against him. Lt. Place, who had the platoon before you, was going to make him a squad leader."

"He was a nigger officer, wasn't he?" Lt. Wren leaned slightly forward and looked intently at the captain.

"Yes, as you say, he was a colored officer, but it so happens he was one of the best officers I've ever known. But that isn't the point right now, Lieutenant. We're talking about Cpl. Jackson. Send him in here and let me see him."

The captain had spoken in a slow steady voice which seemed to be a great effort. When he was through, he slumped further down in his chair and looked out the window again. Lt. Wren went quickly to the door and opened it.

"Send Cpl. Jackson in," he said and returned to his chair. He did not look at the captain but stared at the door. Soon it was pushed open and the corporal walked

in. He was a tall dark Negro with arms that hung very long at his side. He was dressed in dirty o.d.'s and carried his helmet in his hand. He held himself very straight, with his head tilted back slightly, which gave an impression of disdain. He did not appear nervous or worried. He walked slowly over to the table and saluted the captain without seeming to notice Lt. Wren.

"Cpl. Jackson reporting, sir."

When the captain had returned his salute, Jackson stood waiting, with one hand on the desk, and the other holding his helmet. The captain leaned further back in his chair and looked at him for a moment before he spoke.

"Corporal, Lt. Wren tells me you refused to obey his order this morning while on patrol. He says that it was at a time when you were under fire, and that therefore it was not only disobedience but cowardice before the enemy. That's a very serious offense. What have you got to say about it?"

Jackson watched the captain a moment, then turned his head and looked down at Lt. Wren. It was a look so filled with sullen scorn that the lieutenant reddened and appeared to be about to jump up, but he thought better of it and merely glared at the Negro. The captain straightened up slightly.

"What have you got to say about it, Jackson?"

The Negro turned to the captain again with a slight shrug of his shoulders.

"Nothing," he said. The voice sounded

COMMON GROUND

resentful and obstinate. This time his eyes ran over the captain and seemed to find him worth no more than the lieutenant.

"What do you mean, nothing?" The captain's voice was harder than before. "Did you hear Lt. Wren's order? Did you try to carry it out? If you didn't, what was the reason?"

"Lt. Wren has told you about it, sir. He can answer you," Jackson said, laying special weight on the "sir."

The lieutenant half rose from his chair, but the captain motioned him to sit down. Lt. Wren's mouth was half open, and his moustache quivered as he controlled himself. Jackson took no notice of him, but stared steadily at the captain who was sitting up straight in his chair now, his fingers drumming on the edge of the table. When he spoke, his voice was still hard, but there was a note of tired patience in it.

"Look here, Corporal—don't get surly with me. I'm trying to find out the facts about this. Answer my questions and keep your observations to yourself."

Jackson answered evenly without hesitation. "Yes, sir, I did hear Lt. Wren's order. No, sir, I didn't try to carry it out. The reason was I couldn't." He shifted his weight to the other foot and looked out the window.

"Why not?" the captain asked.

"Because I would have been killed before I got there." The words broke hard and bitter.

Lt. Wren jumped up and said excitedly, "See, Captain, it's like I told you. It's just as plain as black and white."

"Don't go calling me black, Lieutenant." Jackson swung around and faced Lt. Wren. He towered over him, a deep scowl on his face. His eyes bored into the lieutenant's and his free hand twitched against his trousers.

"Nobody's calling you black, Corporal,"

the captain broke in. "That's just an expression, and you know damn well it is. You're looking for trouble when you come in here with an attitude like you've got. Go on back to the platoon for now, until I decide if I'm going to court-martial you. Any more reports on you and you'll be through for good. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir."

Jackson turned, and without a glance at the captain or the lieutenant, walked out of the room. He shut the door hard. Lt. Wren looked at the captain and threw up his hands in a gesture of disgust.

"You're going to court-martial him, aren't you?" he asked.

"And leave you short a B.A.R. gunner in the attack day after tomorrow? I don't think that's a good idea." The captain was talking with an effort again. His voice was tired. "No, let him stay where he is for now, and then see about him after the attack. He's independent, all right, but I don't think he'll run away up there. If he doesn't like an order he may not follow it, but he's not a coward and he's damn good with that B.A.R."

Lt. Wren stuck his hands in his pockets. He was plainly excited. He walked around the room for several minutes, then stopped abruptly in front of the table and looked at the captain.

"Damn it, sir, I don't see how they expect us to lead these nigger troops. They ought to be led by their own officers. You never know if they're with you or against you. Hell, in a white outfit, he'd be court-martialed so fast he wouldn't know what happened to him. Telling me I called him black! If we were in civilian life I'd call him a lot of other things too, and he'd take it." The lieutenant's voice rose as he talked. "That no good black son-of-a-bitch. He'd sure be put in his place where I come from. And that's the kind of a man I'm supposed to depend on in an attack. If something's got to be

done, I'll do it myself. I learned that today, anyway."

When he finished speaking, he sat down again and angrily pulled out a cigarette. The captain watched him through half-closed eyes. He seemed to be going to sleep. After a while he spoke, and his voice sounded far away.

"Have you ever been in a white outfit overseas, Lieutenant?"

"No, but I was with one in the states for six months," Lt. Wren answered.

The captain's eyes were almost closed now, and he slouched further down in his chair with his hands folded across his stomach.

"How long have you been with this outfit?" he asked.

"Five days," the lieutenant replied, "but it's long enough. I could see how things were in one day. Hell, I even knew how they'd be before I got here." He paused for a moment. "Do you like the outfit? Do you think they're any good?"

The captain seemed to make a great effort to come alive again. He opened his eyes and looked vacantly at the lieutenant, then gazed out the window. When he did speak, the words came slowly as if he were considering each one.

"Well, in the first place, I've been with them for a long time. I've got used to their ways. When I first came, I was full of all sorts of ideas and ideals about serving with Negro troops and I was eager to try it. Now—" He paused, and then went on. "Now, I guess I'd rather be with another outfit. But it's not because this one's no good. Sure—this isn't the crack outfit of the Army, but there are individuals, and plenty of them, in here who are as fine soldiers and officers as you'll ever see anywhere. The only thing is, there aren't enough of them."

He stopped and ran his hand along the edge of the table. Lt. Wren tipped his chair back against the wall.

"There aren't enough of them," the captain continued, "because their heart's not in it. There's a lot to be said for that too, you know. All that crap they throw at you in training films and lectures doesn't mean anything to us. The American way of life—the rights of the individual. We laugh at that stuff because we don't need to be pushed on by a picture of an ideal America. We like it right well the way it is. We know we have to fight for it and that's all there is to it. But the Negro doesn't laugh—or if he does, it's not the same. What we're fighting for now is just the chance to go on home where we'll try and live like we did before the war. That's o.k. to you and me, but to most of these Negroes that doesn't mean a hell of a lot. They figure it this way. Here they are getting wounded or killed thousands of miles from home, fighting for America, which to them means the back end of the bus and 'White only' signs all over the place. They come back to their home town or yours, for that matter, and they may have won the Silver Star and lost a leg, but they still can't eat in the restaurant where you eat. That makes a guy think, when the shells are coming in. In fact, I'm surprised there are so damn many of them who are good soldiers."

While the captain was talking, his words had gathered a slow momentum. Now that he was through, he rose and walked over to the window. He stood leaning against the wall, with his back to Lt. Wren. The lieutenant stood up also and crunched his cigarette under his shoe.

"Well, Captain," he said, "you may be right about some of that, but I've never liked them and I still don't. But don't worry about the platoon in the deal day after tomorrow. We'll get along even if I'm the only one left to make it."

"All right, Lieutenant, I won't worry about the platoon. Don't try to do every-

COMMON GROUND

thing yourself, though. You'll find things won't be as bad as you think."

The captain went back to his chair and sat down. Lt. Wren picked up his helmet and walked across the room. He stopped at the door and said, "You'll take care of Jackson after the attack?"

"Yes," the captain replied wearily, "after the attack."

Two days later things were not going as well as the captain had hoped. The attack jumped off at five o'clock, but by seven the company had advanced only about six hundred yards. They had suffered quite a few casualties on mines, and now they were held up by a cross fire of machine guns coming from four points to their front. To make matters worse the position of the company had been located pretty well by the Germans' mortars, and shells were coming in regularly, with a sprinkling of 88s to help. The captain was behind a rock on the side of a hill in a position between his two leading platoons. The hill was terraced in layers about two feet high and the men were lying flat behind different tiers, while the shells whistled in all over the place. It was a bad position part way up the hill. Twice in the last half hour the platoon on the left had tried to advance, but as soon as the men climbed over the top terrace, the machine guns opened up and forced them back. The captain was worried because the casualties were growing from the mortar fire. He signaled to Lt. Wren, whose platoon was on the right, to come over to him. The lieutenant ran, bending low so that his head would not come above the top terrace. He threw himself down beside the captain. A shell landed about twenty feet behind them, and they both flattened in the dirt as the fragments whined overhead.

"Wren, send eight men up along that little bunch of bushes to your front. Let

them take some rifle grenades with them. The bushes stop about twenty yards from the crest of the hill. From that point see if they can shoot a couple of grenades into those two machine guns on the right. If they can knock those out, I think your whole platoon can move up to the right of the bushes and maybe get the other guns."

The captain was breathing heavily as he lay on his side, one side of his face covered with dirt where he had pressed it to the ground. Lt. Wren was crouching behind the rock, looking over toward his platoon. He turned to the captain.

"O.K., I'll take them myself," he said.

"No," the captain said firmly. "I'm going to need you later. Send the platoon sergeant if you want to, but you stay with the platoon."

Lt. Wren nodded. "Anything else?" he said.

"No, that's all. Take it easy, Lieutenant. It all works out."

The captain rolled over on his stomach as another shell came in just to the left of the rock. He lay there a few minutes, listening to the shells coming in, forcing himself against the rock when they came close. After a while he crawled out from his place and moved slowly up to the top terrace in front of him. Peering carefully, he could see the flat ground extending for about three hundred yards to the edge of the woods. To the right front were the bushes he had described to Lt. Wren. He looked at Wren's platoon and found they were crawling up to the ledge on which he lay. This was a good move; the men from this position could cover those who were going to the bushes if they got in trouble. As the captain looked at the line of men, he noticed one of them reached the terrace before the rest. It was Corporal Jackson. He poked his B.A.R. over the top and lay huddled behind it, without noticing the others coming up around him.

COURT-MARTIAL

Evidently he was not one of those picked to go on the grenade mission.

Just then the captain saw a figure crawl over the top of the ridge. The patrol was starting out. There certainly had not been any wasted time. As the captain watched, he realized that the figure wriggling over the ground looked familiar. It was Lt. Wren. He turned to the sergeant who had crawled up with him.

"Go over to the first platoon, and—oh, hell—never mind. It's too late."

He was angry. He turned back to the figure again. Another head appeared over the ridge followed by a body which started after the first. Lt. Wren was about ten yards in front of this second man, jerkily wrenching his body along toward the bushes. The captain dug his fingers into the dirt and watched. Finally Lt. Wren reached the bushes and half his body had disappeared into them when the sharp rattle of a machine gun burst out across the hill from the left. The bullets tore up the ground around the lieutenant's body. His legs gave a convulsive jerk which pulled them into the bushes and left only his feet out in the open. The machine gun stopped firing. The figure which had started to follow Lt. Wren pulled slowly back to the crest and slithered out of sight.

The captain started to turn angrily away from his place, but a movement caught his eye. Corporal Jackson was standing up in his position looking toward the bushes. The machine gun opened up again and the bullets cut the grass about five yards to his right. Not seeming to notice the gun, the corporal jumped over the ridge and started off on a slow lope toward the bushes, his long arms pulling awkwardly at the air in front of him. His head was high but a little to one side as he ran, giving him a kind of lopsided appearance. As he reached the bushes, he bent down in his stride and scooped up the small

body of Lt. Wren in his arms and started back. Another machine gun opened up now and the grass all around him was whipped by its fire. It seemed impossible that this huge ungainly body with its burden could pass through that wall of bullets without being hit. But it kept on coming. The captain could see the tightness of Jackson's face, the wide mouth and the knotted eyes, while the head of the lieutenant bobbed crazily up and down over his shoulder. As he reached the ridge, Jackson made one great leap, and landed below the top with the bundle still cradled in his arms.

The captain pulled back from the top of the hill and ran toward the spot where Jackson was. As he reached the place, Jackson was sitting by the body of Lt. Wren, panting deeply. Blood was seeping out of two holes in the lieutenant's shirt. He was unconscious. Three or four soldiers had gathered around them.

"Take the son-of-a-bitch back to the aid station," Jackson said, "before he dies of fright." He looked scornfully at the body in front of him.

Three men quickly picked up the lieutenant and started down the hill with him. Jackson watched them take him away, then spat on the ground. Without looking at the captain, he lit a cigarette and started to crawl back to his position.

Several weeks later, things had quieted down enough for normal company business, and the captain sent for Jackson. He reported as he had before, with the same proud bearing and the same sullen expression. As he stood before him, staring him straight in the eyes with that slightly superior look, the captain had a hard time remembering that day on the hill.

"I called you in, Jackson, to tell you I've put you up for the Silver Star for what you did that day with Lt. Wren. It was a very brave and fine thing and you

COMMON GROUND

should feel proud. In fact the whole company feels proud of your action. I have promoted you to sergeant and you are now squad leader of the second squad."

The captain paused and looked steadily at the corporal. He looked back with an even, equally steady gaze. He was obviously not going to say anything. The captain shifted around in his chair, then leaned on the desk. He spoke in a slow offhand voice.

"Lt. Wren is making out all right. They got him to the hospital just in time. It took five transfusions but he'll make it now."

Still Jackson remained silent.

"Well, that's all I wanted to see you

about, Jackson. That was a fine job, and I wanted to congratulate you on it. That's all."

Jackson started to turn, then hesitated.

"About that court-martial, sir?" he asked.

"What court-martial?" asked the captain, leaning back in his chair.

"Nothing, sir," the Negro said, as he turned on his heel and walked out without saluting.

Philip Thayer was graduated from Harvard in 1941. He served with the 92nd Infantry Division in Italy as company commander. Back in the United States, he is doing free-lance writing.

HUNTING

EDITH WITT

THE cabin rested in the stretch of woods that lay between the highway and the river about twelve miles from town. The only way to find the place would be to stumble on it or to know exactly where it was. It had been built years back by some old man named Higby, but after he had died it was unused and gradually forgotten.

As the September sky grew lighter grey, the early morning filtered through the trees and brushed against the open windows of the cabin. Inside, the young man in the narrow iron bed turned over on his back. He heard the calling of the birds and felt the light against his eyes. He kept them closed and sighed and stretched contentedly. He loved this moment of awakening every day when he could decide whether he would get up

or go to sleep again. He pulled the blanket over his head as if to wrap himself securely in his dream.

The Higby cabin had become a dream to Bradford Lee through three years of the war. He was a kid when he first came upon it once when he had gone off hunting by himself. Then in the Army, and especially overseas, when men around him thought aloud of the time their fighting job was through, it was sometimes Bradford Lee who said, "I'm going out to a place I know. Hunting and fishing and lying in the sun. It's in the woods. . . ." Out of the dreamy silence then, someone would say, "Woods going to be full of ex-soldiers trying to get away from each other after the war."

When he first got back to the States and was discharged, Bradford Lee did not

HUNTING

think of Higby's place at all. It was exciting just to be back where the lights were bright and girls were freshly washed and gaily dressed, where buildings weren't half knocked out and roads were smooth and cars moved fast, where there was good cold beer and shops that overflowed a million different kinds of things. It was a thrilling joy to walk around his own home town, stand on the corner of Main and Fifth, look, listen, breathe it in.

There came the time that he was through with looking on. His feet grew restless of walking on the edge. He wanted to break through into the human stream that passed him by on Main. He tried. He couldn't lay his hand on peace or freedom, on jobs for all or decent homes. He could not touch the promise of atomic energy for an abundant life. He reached out toward the postwar world that he had fought to find.

Instead, the shadow of a world he did not want hung over him. It was a New Year's eve balloon, inflated with the profits made on war, black market manipulations, blown up by speculation, fat with shortages, swollen on wage reductions, lay-offs, bulging, bursting, ready for the pinprick. The people crawling on it were riding high. They cut the tapes that held it to the ground. They yelled down to those left behind: Blow hard, use all your breath. Their teeth knocked together as their fingers slipped. They babbled about Negroes, Jews, Catholics, Yankees, foreigners, Reds. They spluttered about Negro vets who tried to vote, Negro workers who tried to keep their jobs. They chattered nervously, scrambling to plug the leaks. They gibbered of another war. They were not people whom he knew, or even saw, and yet the air seemed thick with them.

The seven days that he had been at Higby's cabin were a precious time. A

thing like that could never stop. Fishing, hunting, lying in the sun. Sleep when he wanted to, eat when he wanted to, chop wood or play his guitar; no one to bother him. He decided to get up.

He lay quiet for a moment, listening. The strange sound that he heard must have been there all the while, the rhythmic breathing of a man asleep. He pushed the blanket down and slowly turned his head.

The man lay curled in the middle of the floor inside the door. He had his back toward Bradford and the collar of his Army field jacket was pulled up over his head. There wasn't much of him to see, but he seemed young and deep in sleep. He must have been so tired, Bradford thought, when he had come upon the place, that he had just about crawled in the door and gone to sleep. Bradford chuckled. Another vet trying to get away from it all. They always said they would be bumping into one another in the woods. He looked forward to the other fellow's waking up. They would enjoy the joke together.

He sat up carefully, not to make a sound, and swung his feet down to the floor. The bedsprings creaked. The fellow on the floor leaped to his feet. He doubled over, as if caught in pain, then straightened slowly.

"Oh," he said. "I didn't know anyone was living here." He began backing toward the door.

"Wait," said Bradford. He was surprised to find the fellow was a Negro. Yet his surprise did not overcome the bond he had already established in his mind. He was a little taller and thinner than Bradford, about the same age. He had a narrow face, a short straight nose, a square blunt chin. One eye was badly swollen and his lips seemed cut.

"I didn't know anyone was here," he said. "I better go." Although he didn't

COMMON GROUND

move, he looked as if he were about to run.

"As a matter of fact," said Bradford slowly, still sitting on the bed, "you have as much right being here as I have. I couldn't find anyone to pay rent to. I just moved in. Although," he smiled, "I did get here first."

"I better go," the man said once more.

"Where are you going?" Bradford said. This time the fellow put his hand up on the door.

"I don't know," he said. He let his hand fall to his side.

"Say, are you sick?" said Bradford.

The fellow shook his head. "Just a little stiff."

"You ought to have something to eat. I'm going to fry some cornmeal I cooked yesterday. There's enough for both of us."

The other man looked out the window and then back at Bradford.

"Anybody ever come around here?" he asked.

"No. Nobody even knows I'm here. You're the first person I've seen since I came out a week ago. Say, you in trouble?"

"Trouble? Most people got trouble, one way or another."

"Trouble with a girl?"

"No. I didn't kill anybody. I didn't steal anything. I didn't even hurt anyone, although maybe I should have."

Bradford went over to the stove and squatted down to start a fire. "Well, it's your business," he said, without turning around. "But if you're in trouble, no sense running away. Got to face it and fight back to lick it."

"Why are you out here in the woods?" the fellow said.

Bradford stood up and turned around. They looked squarely at each other for a moment. Then Bradford laughed.

"Say, my name's Brad," he said.

"Mine's Sam."

When they sat down at the table, Bradford remembered back to the first time he had eaten at the same table with a Negro. He had taken his cake and coffee from the counter in the Red Cross club and sat down before he noticed one of the soldiers at the table was a Negro. His muscles tightened to get up, but it occurred to him that if he hadn't noticed it, it couldn't matter very much.

"What outfit were you in?" he asked Sam now.

"Aircorps engineers. In the Pacific."

"I read about the things you did out there. I was in the 36th Division—infantry."

"I heard of them," said Sam.

"I'm sure glad it's over," Bradford said. He poured the coffee.

"I used to look forward to it being over, too," said Sam. "This here's good coffee."

"It's not *cr*," laughed Bradford. "We always used to say how the whole Army would be wandering in the woods after the war, trying to be alone."

"I'm lucky it was a guy like you I walked in on."

"You're welcome to stay as long as you like," said Bradford.

"A thing like this can't last too long."

"I don't think about that," said Bradford shortly. He poured them each another cup of coffee. "Listen," he said. "I can go into town today. I can go in and look around and find out how things are."

Sam grasped the table tightly with both hands. "I thought you didn't go into town," he said.

"I meant to find out things for you," said Bradford.

Sam put his hands down in his lap. "You think if you went into town I'd still be here when you got back?"

"Damn it," said Bradford. He got up, banging against the table. "What kind of guy do you think I am? Why do you think I came out here?"

HUNTING

"I tell you one thing," Sam said slowly. "You go into town again, you're never coming back out here."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean you try to come back out here, you're going to take the town back with you."

"I don't care what's going on in town," cried Bradford. "I'll stay out here forever."

"Sit down," said Sam. "Let me tell you how it happened to me." He began to clear the dishes off the table.

"Just dump them in the basin there," Bradford said. "I save them up and wash

to the door and opened it and swept them out. "So, yesterday, I went around to the registration place to get myself put down as a voter." He put the broom back in the corner and walked a little closer toward the bed.

"Listen, Sam. I don't want to hear about it," Bradford said. He lay down on the bed.

"O.K.," said Sam. "I just thought you might feel better if you knew you weren't in the same room with some kind of fiend that ought to be strung up."

"I'm not worried," Bradford said. "I just think you have the wrong idea. We're



them all at night. And don't think you have to talk. I don't really care."

"I'm twenty-one this year," said Sam. "So I thought I'd like to vote." Bradford went over to straighten out the bed and Sam took the broom and began to sweep the floor. "No one in my family's ever voted before. Oh, yes, way back right after the Civil War they did. But not since then. I thought it would be a good thing to start it going again." He leaned on the broom and looked toward Bradford, who sat down on the bed. "You know, being part of the war, you get to thinking about such things." He brushed the sweepings

not all like that. You couldn't find more decent people anywhere than in this town. You think they'd let a few crazy goons—?"

"I didn't get to register for voting," Sam said simply.

"Wait till people find out. Don't you think there are any people in this town who remember what the war was all about? They're not going to let—"

"They must be the ones who are out fishing," Sam said quietly.

Bradford got up and walked across the room and out the door. In a few minutes Sam heard the sound, back of

COMMON GROUND

the house, of someone chopping wood. He went out.

"Let me have a hand at that," he said.

"Go inside and get some sleep. I think better when I'm chopping wood."

"I couldn't fall asleep."

"Get some rest. You couldn't have had much last night. You can keep track of me by the sound of the axe." Sam laughed and went inside.

The two men came up suddenly. Bradford gripped the handle of the axe and stared at them.

"You live here?" the dark stocky one called out.

"Yes."

"This the Higby place?"

"Guess so."

They had come closer now. They both wore badges and carried guns in holsters on their hip. There was an air of uneasiness about them, although they spoke as if they had stopped just to pass the time of day.

"Didn't know anyone was living here," the stocky fellow said. His head was too big for his body.

The other man was slightly built, with pale, thin hair. He said, "Have you s-s-seen a nigger hereabouts?"

"No."

"W-w-we're looking for a n-n-nigger."

"Nobody around here," Bradford said.

"How come you looking here?"

"Somebody thought of the Higby place," the stocky fellow said, "and sent us out. You been here long?"

"About a week. I just got out of the Army."

"They w-wouldn't take me," the blond boy said. "N-erves, they said." Bradford looked at the gun the fellow carried.

"Why you looking out here?"

"N-nigger r-raped a white g-girl."

"No," the other man said. "He tried to register to vote."

"That's what the p-paper said. But I know d-d-different."

"But why did you come out here? Why don't you go down to Swamp Hollow?"

"N-not much left of S-swamp Hollow after l-l-last night."

"They told us to come out here. We were the only ones at the plant to volunteer. None of the other boys would take it on, imagine that."

"None of the other men would volunteer?" said Bradford.

"No. Vets and all. I don't know what's the matter with them. Bunch of Reds. They don't care if the niggers take their jobs away."

"I thought the plant laid off all the Negroes since the end of the war."

"Some of the white men, too. You got to keep those niggers in their place. They never should have let them in the Army."

"Maybe you'd like to take the place of one of them who died in uniform," said Bradford.

"We better be getting back," the other fellow said to his companion.

"W-we'd smell a nigger if he was a m-m-mile from here."

"We better go. Have you got a gun, in case he turns up tonight? You know this cabin was a hideout for a lot of them after the last war."

"I'll be all right," said Bradford.

"I guess they'll put deputies on the road tonight, if you need help." He turned to the blond boy. "Come on, Lughead," he said.

Bradford watched them out of sight. He took a few whacks with the axe, and then he went inside.

"Want to play cards till it gets dark?" he said to Sam.

They made a rabbit stew for supper. They kept on playing cards until the stew was done. By the time the dishes were washed it was good and dark.

HUNTING

"I'll take you through the woods about three miles and put you on a trail that you can follow into Lion County," Bradford said. "Maybe from there it will be all right for you to take a train."

"You don't have to bother doing that. I'll find my way."

"Hell," said Bradford. "There you go again."

"I just don't want to get you into trouble."

"You won't. I'll take my gun. And you can carry it, if you don't trust me."

"You'll carry it," said Sam.

It was a dark night but Bradford knew this stretch of country. They didn't talk. When they got to the trail, Sam said briefly, "I sure do want to thank you,



Brad. It was worth meeting up with you."

"Nothing to thank me for," Bradford said. "I hope you make it."

"Hope you make it, too," said Sam.

Bradford, starting back, wondered what Sam meant. He cut across the woods and jumped down the embankment to the road to take the short way back. It was quite dark. The only sounds, besides his own footfalls, were of the woods. The air was clear and fresh. The stars shone through the branches of the trees. He'd make a fire when he got back, do some

mending on his fishing gear before he went to bed.

As he approached the point where he should cut back through the woods again, he walked more slowly, watching for the large old sycamore that marked the spot. For a moment he was on night patrol again, nerves trigger-sharp against the enemy, stalking freedom on a mine-strewn earth, aching in his bones to feel the rest of the platoon around him. He saw the outline of the sycamore, made for it eagerly.

Out of the shadows of the tree, he heard a harsh voice cry, "Look out, he's got a gun." He heard a bullet whine go by his cheek. He felt a crack against his skull. Two men leaped on him and then a third. He thrashed his legs and kicked his feet. He struck out with his arms, heaved his body, twisted, turned. He heard another voice, "He's white. Hold it. He's white." A flashlight shone into his face. He heard their panting, heavy breath. He felt hands try to pull him up. He pushed them off. The men were talking in low worried tones.

"Is he hurt bad?"

"He's breathing all right."

"He's the f-f-fellow who l-lives in Higby's p-place."

"Lughead," he said. He brushed them away and got to his feet. He didn't know the other men. The stocky fellow wasn't there. He was breathing hard and he felt groggy. He leaned against the sycamore, pulled at a loose strip of bark. It would be good to be able to lie down now and go to sleep, to sleep until the world got straightened out.

"It's his own fault," he heard the tall man say. "What's he doing, wandering around in the dark for, anyway? What's he doing, hiding out at Higby's place? We better take him in."

"He ain't no deputy," the man with the flashlight said. "He ain't one of us, for

COMMON GROUND

sure." He turned the light on Bradford's battered face. They stood back, some distance off.

"What you doing way out in the woods this time of dark and carrying a gun?" the tall man said.

Bradford breathed in deeply, looked down at his rifle lying on the ground and tightened up his hands.

"Hunting," he said.

The tall man laughed. "What you doing all alone out here? Where you going all alone?"

"I'm not alone," said Bradford. "I'm just the advance patrol. There's a column of men coming up the road. Listen. You hear their feet? They're all in step. Hear 'em? They're singing now. Here they come. They're going to pass you right on by."

The flashlight suddenly clicked off. The three men stirred uneasily.

"You're crazy, boy," the tall man said. His voice rose, quavering, uncertain. "We're going to take you in."

Bradford heard them stumble in the dark. They shuffled through the last year's leaves. He saw their ghostly shadows closing in on him.

His fist hit out against the darkness with the strength of many men. The crack of bone against his knuckles split the night. The three men staggered backwards, gulping in their breath.

"I don't need anyone to take me in," said Bradford, picking up his rifle. He glanced at the lonely dimness where the cabin lay. Then, "I got to catch up with those guys," he said, and swung his legs out on the road for town.

We'll make it, Sam, he thought. We've won before.

His footsteps rang out like a column marching.

Edith Witt is now a Californian who served 34 months with American Red Cross clubs in North Africa and Italy. This is her first published piece.

Miné Okubo is the illustrator.

FREEDOM TRAIN

HILDA W. SMITH

*I heard the message,
Heard it plain,
I'm going North
On the Freedom Train.
Jobs up North,
Just got word,
Best good news
I ever heard.*

*Got to the North,
Felt I'd like to shout,
But bosses wouldn't hire me,*

FREEDOM TRAIN

The Unions kept me out.
Found a little job,
Never make me rich,
Heaving coal around,
Digging in a ditch.

Waited on a corner,
Tried to hop a bus,
Couldn't get aboard,
Not without a fuss.
Tried to get my supper,
And a glass of beer.
Waiter turned me out of doors,
Said, "No niggers here!"

Tried to find a bed.
Weren't no rooms to rent.
Slept out in a park,
Didn't cost a cent,
Till a cop came 'round,
Said to move along.
Little bird was singing
That old freedom song.

I heard the message,
Heard it plain,
I came North
On the Freedom Train.
But how am I going
To work and eat?
Where am I going
To rest my feet?

Now Chairman of the Committee for the Extension of Labor Education, Hilda W. Smith was formerly Dean of Bryn Mawr College, Director of the Bryn Mawr Summer School for Women Workers in Industry, Director of the Workers Service Program, WPA, and in charge of Project Services Section, Federal Public Housing Authority.

FIRE-WORDS

LOUIS BINSTOCK

IN THE summer of 1937 I was part of a group of 60 Americans making a study-tour of the trouble-zones of Europe. Only 3 of us were Jews. About 40 of the remaining 57 Christians were clergymen. We were together those weeks constantly under the most intimate circumstances. Our associations were exceedingly happy. Some of them blossomed into blessed friendships. I am certain that not a single member of that party was a conscious anti-Semite. And yet, from time to time a remark was made, an opinion expressed, an attitude revealed that cut me to the quick.

One day we were sailing from Stockholm to Copenhagen. When it came time for the noonday meal, I was delayed in reaching the upper deck where it was being served. Upon my arrival I found a number of my Christian clergymen-companions already seated and eating. Jocularly I exclaimed: "You lucky rascals. You got ahead of me." Quick as a flash came the loud retort, discourteous: "Well, this is the first time I have ever seen a Gentile get ahead of a Jew." For a few moments there was unrestrained laughter all over the deck. My face flushed but I said nothing. I had been wounded but there was little that could be done about it. It was all in fun.

It was quite evident my friends were unaware of my hurt. They probably would have been amazed if I had apprized them of it. How could they possibly have read into these words all the fire-power of which I, as a Jew, was so

keenly aware! How could they have been expected to realize the full meaning of the implications: "The Jew always gets ahead of the Gentile. He does so not because of any innate superior ability but because of trickery and chicanery. Hence the Gentile can never compete with a Jew on even terms. Ergo: The Jews must be removed from the Gentile world." How could they have been expected to consider that these words were being uttered in a Nazi-dominated area on the very border of a land where all these implications were embedded in a brutal national program! How could they have been expected to understand that an American Jew would wince with automatic apprehension when a fellow countryman could so spontaneously, cavalierly, and jocularly make such a statement.

My friend meant no malice. If he had been reproved, he probably would in all sincerity have disclaimed any intention of causing pain or injury. He would have insisted "some of my best friends are Jews"; that he cherished great admiration for the Jewish people; that the Jews are extremely clever and possessed of unusual business acumen; that Judaism was the mother of Christianity and that Jesus was a Jew. For the next few days he would have gone out of his way to prove his personal fondness for me. He would have watched not only every word but every gesture, hoping that I might forgive and forget. But there was nothing to forgive and something very difficult to forget. It was not he alone who had made that re-

mark nor I alone who had been hurt. Through him the vast majority of Gentiles were speaking. Through me the great mass of Jews were suffering. We both were victims of centuries of conditioning.

Some days later, while walking on the outskirts of the city of Lodz, Poland, in the miserable ghetto section known as Balut, I witnessed for the first time the European technique employed in the gang baiting of a Jew. An old, poorly dressed Polish Jew, bent by the weight of his woes as well as years, was pursued by a young, vigorous, half-wit, hooligan Pole. His graying beard was being pulled, his back pelted with stones, his ears assailed by a medley of epithets and oaths, among which the word "szhid" was the only one I understood. A crowd of about 200 Poles of varying degrees of age and intelligence were apparently enjoying the spectacle. There was not a single sign of sympathy displayed. Not the slightest movement for aid was indicated. Yet they all appeared to be good, average, churchgoing Polish Christians. In their tolerant smiles one could discern that this young Pole was merely engaging in one of the popular Gentile sports of Poland. They, even as well as he and my American Christian clergyman friend, were apparently not conscious of any harm or injury being done.

They certainly did not realize that just the simple cry "szhid" in prejudice-poisoned Poland was a venom-tipped dart. The word "szhid" or "Jew" becomes such a danger point not only when it is uttered with contempt or accompanied by an ugly gesture or followed by a hurtful action. It carries with it grave implications and undertones even when it is expressed in an apparently friendly and complimentary vein. For example, when it appears in such a phrase as "Some of my best friends are Jews" or "The Jew is smart" or "The Jew is a clever businessman," it carries

within it a complete essay on Gentile prejudice and Jewish persecution.

A number of years ago when Supreme Court Justice Black, in explaining his Ku Klux Klan activities, stated that some of his best friends were Jews, he could not possibly have sensed the feeling of revulsion that swept through the hearts of his Jewish listeners. He could not possibly have realized that he was retelling a thousand-told tale which invariably evokes an "oh, yeah?" from the Jew. "Me-thinks he protests too much" is the immediate reaction. Perhaps the most tactless blunder Gentiles make when they seek to repair a wrong done Jews is when they protest, no matter how sincerely, that some of their best friends are Jews. There is a familiar story about a Negro Pullman porter who, one night, was overjoyed to discover that the late Julius Rosenwald was one of his passengers. He showered unusual attention upon him. When the train reached its destination, the great benefactor of the Negro people gave him a much smaller tip than he had anticipated. With a wry smile the porter remarked: "I suppose he cares more for the race than the individual." In the case of the Jew, it is too often a matter of caring for the person more than for the people. No self-respecting Jew cherishes the questionable distinction of being the pet Jew of any Gentile. He is well aware of the tenuous nature of a friendship that must break through contempt for one's people in order to reach one's person.

I have a sister-in-law living in a small southern community. Some of her best friends are Gentiles. She exchanges courtesies with a number of them on a genuine plane of equality. At an affair given in the home of one of these Gentile friends, she overheard the hostess speaking in ugly terms and tones about Jews. The next day she informed a mutual friend that she could never enter that

home again. The friend was amazed. "Why, she was only talking about Jews in general. She didn't mean you. You are not like other Jews. You're a white Jew."

It is obvious that the average Gentile has no conception of the implications contained within such a statement. It was intended as a compliment, but in fact it said, "Your people as a group are a black lot. They display many objectionable and despicable features. As a rule I cannot stomach them. But you are not like the rest of your tribe. You are decent. You are really a 'white' Jew." Can any self-respecting Jew find comfort in such words? Especially when he knows that no amount of Gentile whitewashing can remove the black mark of Jew in the eyes of the world? So long as the Gentile universally hates the people, he can never wholeheartedly love the person.

Among the Gentiles I have met whom I believe to be about as free from anti-Jewish prejudice as is possible in our present world, the one I regard as having come closest to perfection is a certain professor of history in a southern university. He and I for years have enjoyed a friendship rooted in many common interests and attitudes as well as personal affection and devotion. One evening during the course of a discussion on the size of the fee we might be forced to pay a prospective Lyceum lecturer, he casually suggested, "Well, we can possibly 'Jew' him down." To me that remark had all the sharpness of a keen-edged razor. Before my mind's eye all the centuries-old charges passed in review. "The Jew is always trying to buy things cheap . . . the Jew always beats down the prices . . . the Jew is grasping and miserly . . . the Jew is a Shylock demanding his pound of flesh . . . the Jew is a usurer seeking the blood of his Gentile neighbor." To him the remark came naturally out of the dictionary of common usage. It was ut-

tered in entire innocence without sinister intent. A year later his wife informed mine that suddenly some months after the incident her husband had recalled my shocked expression. Only then did he sense the depth of my pain. He had meant no harm, but the harm was done. The venomous phrase was enough, even among friends.

Recently I have moved to a large mid-western city. After many years of residence in the extreme South where anti-Semitism is much more polite and words more guarded, I find my ears assailed and my eyes irritated by assertions and advertisements stating "Gentiles Only"—"Restricted Clientele"—"Restricted"—"Christians Only." When apartment owners are questioned, when newspaper heads are interrogated, when renowned and refined civic leaders are asked whether such statements ought not to be prohibited and even punished by law, the answers are discouraging and disillusioning. As a rule they explain courteously that they are terribly sorry but no offense is meant. "After all, business is business. Give Jews a finger and they take a whole hand. They crowd and clutter up places with their entire clan. They are noisy and vulgar. They are inconsiderate. They have few morals and less manners. Inevitably when Jews enter, Gentiles leave. Gentiles constitute the vast majority of prospective customers. Hence, as a matter of self-protection—Gentiles only." Most of these Gentiles are good Christian citizens. It does not trouble their conscience that their arguments are based on a Marxian foundation and that they have allowed economic necessity to brush aside their innate sense of justice and decency.

There are many other such words, phrases, and sentences in common use. In themselves they appear harmless and without hurt. At times they seem very cour-

"What Happened To The One We Used To Have?"



©1946 THE WASHINGTON POST

The Washington Post

teous and kind. For example, such phrases as "Rich as a Jew . . . you never see a poor Jew." Or sentences like, "One nice thing about you Jews is that you take care of your own." "You Jews always stick together." On the surface they praise, but underneath lies the deep-rooted prejudice of the ages. What they really say is, "You Jews always manage to garner the wealth of the country." "You Jews are clannish." "You Jews are selfishly concerned only with your own."

In one of his famous dissenting opinions, the late Justice Holmes made the oft-quoted but frequently forgotten observation that the right to free speech does not entitle one to cry "fire" in a crowded theatre. I wonder how many people realize what a dangerous fire-word is contained in just the three-letter combination Jew when uttered in a certain connection and used in a particular way. Especially in the critical, crowded theatre of our chaotic and confused postwar world. That the word Jew (or its common variations such as "kike," "Christ-killer," "sheenie") is loaded with dynamite is obvious to those who are willing to "run and read" and remember. Today its fire-power is great enough to wipe out completely the surviving ten million Jews who still cling precariously to this globe of ours.

If free speech still continues to protect the right to use this word in any association with any implication at any time anywhere, then we may just as well begin writing *finis* to the age-old history of the Jewish people. There is already a precedent for the denial of free speech in the use of certain words whether spoken in a public place or written in a published periodical or sent through the mails. Free speech in free America does not include the right to express lascivious or obscene words that defile good taste or destroy good morals. Surely the claims of human-

ity are as great as those of morality. Certainly the protection of life is more important than that of taste.

In his *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, the elder Oliver Wendell Holmes points out that when two persons meet, there are really six persons present. A as A thinks he is; A as B thinks he is; and A as he really is—and similarly B. When Jew and Gentile meet, all the anti-Semites of the ages and their words and deeds are also present. It is not true that every Gentile is a born Jew-hater and baiter. Prejudice is not part of the germ plasma or blood stream. But it would be difficult to find a single Gentile who has not from his earliest infancy been conditioned to anti-Semitism by words he heard in his home, his school, his church, and on the playground. There is a story told about a pious Christian woman whose six-year-old son, his clothes torn, his face smeared, his nose bloody, ran into the house explaining he had just been in a fight with a Jewish boy who had dared charge that Jesus was a Jew. When he pled with his mother to say it wasn't so, she reassured him with the words: "Yes, son, Jesus was a Jew, but don't worry, God is a Christian." There is hardly a Christian to whom the Jewish ancestry of Jesus is not a matter of grave concern, and the brotherhood with Jews implied in the fatherhood of God a source of great consternation.

The subconscious stubbornly refuses to forget such New Testament verses as those in St. John: "When therefore the chief priests and the officers saw him, they cried out, saying: Crucify him, crucify him. Pilate said unto them: Take him yourselves and crucify him; for I find no crime in him. The Jews answered him: We have a law and by that law he ought to die because he made himself the son of God." It refuses to forget mother's admonition: "I don't want you to play

with that Jewish boy next door." "You mustn't be seen out with that Jewish young man." It refuses to forget father's remarks: "Too many Jews moving into our neighborhood; property values will go down." "A Jew tried some of his sharp practices on me today but he didn't get away with it." "Too many Jews down in Washington. They are ruining our country." It refuses to forget playmates' shouts: "Dirty Jew." "Let's beat up the sheenies." "Kill the Christ-killers."

The cement walls of prejudice against the Jew molded out of the poisons and practices of the centuries are so wide and so high that today it requires almost a superhuman effort on the part of the Gentile to scale them. And words—just words—are foundations of those walls. Remove the foundations and the modern ghetto walls will fall in a few generations. Keep them and strengthen them with more and more words as was done by Hitler and all his henchmen here in America as well as in Europe, and the Jew is doomed. Words are weapons. They leave deep wounds. The rabbis of old taught: "Guard well thy tongue. In it is the power of life and death."

About six weeks before V-E Day, I heard the distinguished war correspondent, Leland Stowe, make the statement in a public lecture that he and his wife had vowed never again to entertain in their home a single friend who had ever made insinuating vicious remarks about Jews. This fine, sensitive Gentile soul asserted that he would not be an accessory

to incendiary words against an innocent people who had already suffered too much at the hands of a cruel brutal world. He had just returned from the hell fires in Europe, started by such words. He was terribly amazed and alarmed upon hearing similar words when he reached the shores of these United States, particularly at a time when the civilized nations were on the verge of victory.

Only millions of Leland Stowes can completely stop the conflagration that may come to America. Gentiles who will vow never again to use fire-words about Jews. Gentiles who will not be part of an assemblage, large or small, where vile remarks are made about Jews. Gentiles who will refuse to carry on or consider friendships with Jew-haters and baiters. Gentiles who will resign from clubs where the rule "restricted," whether expressed or implied, is applied. Gentiles who will not dwell in apartments or areas where the legend reads, "No Jews Allowed." Gentiles who won't enjoy subtly sinister jokes about Jews. Gentiles who will watch their words and their ways about and with Jews in these difficult and dangerous days. Gentiles who will help save the remnant of Israel and thus bring salvation to a sorely stricken people.

Dr. Louis Binstock is rabbi of Temple Sholom in Chicago. His earlier ministry has included posts in Baltimore, Charleston, West Virginia, and New Orleans.

START THE SEMESTER WITH A NEIGHBORHOOD PARTY

ARTHUR KATONA

WHEN you're a Freshman just entering the campus world, you feel bewildered and scared. But when you're a colored Freshman and it's a white folks' campus, you feel a lot more than bewildered and scared. You wonder how much pushing around you're in for. You wonder who's going to treat you decently and who isn't; how much of the campus is yours to be used as other students use it, and how much isn't. You ask yourself, where can I find friends?

Many a campus, despite its preachings on stone, in catalogs, and in lectures about freedom, democracy, knowledge, character, wisdom, love, etc., etc., can be an unfriendly place if a student doesn't happen to be white, or Christian, or sometimes if he has a "foreign" name. When it is not obviously unfriendly it may remain uncomfortably cold, potentially hostile, for those newcomers who are members of groups supposed to "keep their place." How can the rest of us on a campus begin to make them feel that they belong, that they have friends, without imposing ourselves on them?

One answer is the Neighborhood Party. With the wise and willing help of student committees, I have tried it for three semesters in a row, and it works. We've simply had a good time together as friends and we've stayed friends.

The principle that having fun together is one of the greatest socializers is, like any basic truth, quite simple. The sharing of play, dance, song, food, and the at-

tendant conversation acts like a social tonic, only you don't know that a tonic is working.

One caution needs to be made here: fun with a purpose, such as the Neighborhood Party, usually has to be carefully planned so that when it comes off it seems to move spontaneously.

Like this.

John Smith, just arrived, rings the doorbell and is greeted with a gay shout, "Come on up! You're just in time to join our game!" On his way up the stairs he hears people laugh and kid each other. "Boy, the fun's started already," he thinks.

As he enters the room, a girl gets up off a chair and smilingly hands him a pie-pan and says, "You're next for the mental-balance test. I'll bet you can't beat my score. There's a big prize coming up, too, if you win."

He sits down in the chair and, after cheery directions are given, tells his name and, showered by advice, laughs, and wisecracks, proceeds to place the pie-pan on his head, dip a knife blade into a bowl of beans in his lap, and very, very gingerly carry the knife load of beans from his lap to the pan balancing precariously on top of his head. Shouts go up as he drops beans from the knife blade and they rattle into the pan. With the other hand he cautiously takes the pan down, and the scorekeeper counts out the beans.

"Thirty-six! What a man!" and everybody claps.

A boy and girl welcome him into the

START THE SEMESTER WITH A NEIGHBORHOOD PARTY

sitting circle on the floor, and he joins the rest in kidding the next arrival to be tested.

When all have come and played the mental-balance game, a girl remarks to the group that this test reminds her of the time when her two brothers dared her to climb as high as they could after some apples in the neighbor's yard. It was in the fall, just as it is now, and she was a little tomboy eight years old and didn't refuse any dare. So up the tree she went and, being lighter and sprier than her older brothers, climbed way up, up into the weak limbs. She yelled down in triumphant glee to her dumfounded brothers on the ground, and started to inch her way along a thin branch. It started to crack and she screamed. They yelled and she grabbed another branch. And there she was, stuck; she couldn't move up or down. Well, they had to call the fire department to get her!

A boy speaks up and tells about the big apple fight he had when he was about the same age. He and his gang went out to raid an apple orchard, but when they got there another gang had beaten them to it. Both gangs proceeded to pelt each other with apples. They yelled like wild men and this brought the farmer, and did they scam!

That brings out a reminiscence from another guest and, following him, another, and another, until the whole crowd has joined the entertaining round of stories which makes them all kin.

"Let's get up for eats," a boy says. "And we'll sing a song. What do you say?" So he has them form a circle and, with hands interlocking, they sing the good old heart-warmer, *Make New Friends and Keep the Old*, first straight through and then in rounds.

One by one they walk to a table loaded with apples, doughnuts, and cider, stacked with napkin favors, and glowing with

soft candlelight. They join each other in natural little conversational groups of three and four. The whole room buzzes with friendly talk.

"Say, how about a Conga line?" shouts a girl after everyone has finished eating. So they clear away dishes, someone puts on a record, they clasp waists in single file, and, led by the girl who announced the dance, weave around the room.

"Let's have a Virginia Reel," suggests a boy. They line up and skip through the changes he calls to the tune of *Turkey in the Straw*.

"It's almost time to get back to the dorms, girls," says a co-ed. "We'll give the prize to the mental-balance champ and then sit down for a final musical number." Amid hoots, a gold-fish bowl with two tiny fish is presented to the grinning winner. They all relax and listen to Paul Robeson and the People's Chorus render the stirring Part IV of the famous *Ballad for Americans*.

As I have already pointed out, the Neighborhood Party must be deliberate in planning and spontaneous in execution. The party itself goes merrily on in one-two-three order, but without anyone except the committee knowing about the one-two-three.

A committee of, say, six handles arrangements for a group of about thirty. The committee delegates various functions among its members: invitations, decorations, refreshments, and the stages of the Neighborhood Party. One or two members, then, will lead each of the following stages: get-acquainted game, reminiscence period, ceremonial transition, party activities (refreshments, games, dances, songs as suitable).

Guests are selected mainly from minority group students, but they will include a good proportion of old-stock Americans. Obviously, deeply prejudiced stu-

COMMON GROUND

dents are out of place at this type of get-together and should not be invited. The entire committee works on the matter of guest selection, drawing on their observation and knowledge of students and on registration lists.

A catchy title like "Fall Frolic" for the first semester and "Spring Thaw" for the second semester helps snap up the invitations which are mailed to each guest.

While each stage of the party is assigned to certain committee members in accordance with their interests and aptitudes, the whole committee helps the leaders get things started and keep them going. Thus all the members come early and start playing the get-acquainted game before the guests arrive. The party, then, is a going concern at once and that is one of the secrets of its success. It imparts immediately a feeling of welcome, warmth, and fun; the newcomer "is in," is a full-fledged participant without any ado. There is none of that early-party lull so often disconcerting and embarrassing to hosts and guests alike.

When the reminiscence period begins, committee members are planted in various places in the circle and keep the ball rolling should guests hesitate to join in. Once the period gets under way, it usually takes care of itself. Sometimes a pillow may be thrown to the "next" speaker if one wishes to speed up conversation.

Committee members, if need be, will help arrange the circle for the ceremonial transition and set good examples of hearty singing.

When party activities begin, the committee aides will make sure that nobody is left out, whether it be conversation, game, or dance. For instance, at the time refreshments are served, they can set possible strays at ease by guiding them tactfully into conversational groups.

In the early-stage arrangement of seating, on floor or in lounges and chairs, care should be taken not to have isolated corners or alcoves. All seating places should be parts of the social circle.

One more word of advice: certainly the Neighborhood Party is not the place or time for discussion of social problems. Its function is clear, and it should not be sidetracked from it. If someone should begin a serious discourse or if a touchy note obtrudes, a committee leader can gently nip it in the bud and bring the party back to its course of fun. A light remark changing the subject or a humorous anecdote about a related subject will do the trick.

If these arrangements are made, there is no reason why the party shouldn't go over. You who are on the committee and your guests will have a swell time. You will all make friends, as you'll see when you meet again on the campus. And your hearts will warm all over for doing so.

Arthur Katona is of Hungarian descent, a University of Wisconsin Ph.D., who teaches sociology at Ohio University. His take-off for the Neighborhood Party idea is Rachel Davis DuBois' book, *Get Together Americans*, published by Harpers in 1943.

ROUND-UP

CAREY McWILLIAMS

NO MORE certain indication that a new consciousness is developing in America on "the race question" could be found than the flood of special studies, investigations, action letters, pamphlets, and brochures that has been released since the war. It is not merely the volume of this material that is impressive (by comparison with pre-war levels), but its quality. Increasingly one is aware of a new realism, a toughness of attitude, a factual clarity, largely absent in the pre-war material which inclined toward the "humanitarian" and the sentimental. The pleading, wistful note in race relations is being displaced by a militant forthrightness that avoids compromise and equivocation.

High on the list of current pamphlet material is Dr. Melville Jacobs' statement, "Racism: A Program for Action," issued by the American Council on Race Relations, 259 Geary Street, San Francisco 2. Here is a short, seven-page statement without a superfluous syllable, compact and hard-hitting, clear and concise. It includes an excellent statement on "the truth about race" and a comprehensive program for action. From the special West Coast supplement of *The Nation* (September 21, 1946), the American Council has also reprinted the fine report of its regional director, Laurence I. Hewes, Jr., on changing aspects of race relations on the West Coast. This is, by all odds, the best summary of its kind that has appeared to date.

The contents of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and So-*

cial Science for March 1946 (3457 Walnut Street, Philadelphia) are devoted to the subject, "Controlling Group Prejudice." Most of the articles merely report trends and changes in the field of race relations since the war, giving facts and figures but maintaining a rather cagey attitude toward "the problem." I would recommend for special attention, however, the contribution by Helen V. McLean on "Psychodynamic Factors in Racial Attitudes" and "New Trends in the Investigation of Prejudice" by Ronald Lippitt and Marian Radke. The latter article is very good indeed. By focusing attention on the genesis of prejudice, Dr. Lippitt lifts the investigation out of a narrow myopic concern with the minutiae of race relations, "social distance," and the like, and properly stresses the social origins of stereotypes. Nothing is more important in the realm of investigation at the moment than to trace out, in particular cases, the social origin of racial stereotypes. Studies of this kind have demonstrated, as Dr. Lippitt notes, that many stereotypes exist quite independently of the experiences of the individual. Nor is the issue merely of academic importance, for emphasis in action programs will vary accordingly as one accepts the theory of prejudice as an outgrowth of ethnocentrism or the belief that the origin of prejudice is to be found in social situations. On this score, some important material is also to be found in the *Journal of Social Issues* (347 Madison Avenue, New York 17) for February

COMMON GROUND

1945, May 1945 (see particularly pp. 19-21), and August 1945.

"Fair Employment Legislation in New York State" a pamphlet issued by the Association Press (347 Madison Avenue, New York 17), gives a complete history of the fight to develop FEPC legislation in New York. It contains a copy of the New York law, with annotations, and a full analysis of the arguments pro and con which were developed at the hearings. Carefully and scholarly prepared, it should be of great value in the fight to secure FEPC legislation in other states. It should be studied, however, in connection with "FEPC—A Case History in Parliamentary Maneuver," by Will Maslow, reprinted from the University of Chicago Law Review (5750 Ellis Avenue, Chicago 37, Illinois) for June 1946. Mr. Maslow does a thoroughgoing job on the shabby manner in which the federal FEPC proposal was jockeyed about in Congress.

The entire issue of the Minnesota Law Review (Law School of the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minnesota) for March 1946 is devoted to Judge Edward F. Waite's scholarly article on "The Negro in the Supreme Court." Of particular value is Judge Waite's devastating analysis of *Plessy vs. Ferguson* (1896)—a decision which has long been the fountainhead of segregation in American law. The National Urban League (1133 Broadway, New York 10) and the Tulsa Council of Social Agencies are to be congratulated on their recent joint publication: "A Study of the Social and Economic Condition of the Negro Population of Tulsa," a really fine community study which provides excellent documentation on the status of Negroes in Tulsa. That such a study should have been issued in Tulsa is, in itself, evidence of progress. A Los Angeles dentist, Dr. Harry Cimring (2475 Micheltorana, Los Angeles 26), has issued an interesting pamphlet

on quotas in dental schools and on the curious attitude of the American Dental Association in relation to the notorious Horner Report. Here is a pamphlet that should be—but probably will not be—widely circulated among dentists.

Among the valuable action materials currently being released, I would give a high rating to those of the Law and Social Action Commission of the American Jewish Congress (1834 Broadway, New York 23). The Commission's analysis of the race-baiting indulged in by the New York Daily News, presented in a brief to the FCC, and the recent briefs filed by the Commission in cases involving the tax-exemption status of colleges that practice discrimination, as well as in restrictive covenant cases, are really first-rate documents and leave little to be desired in the way of clarity, sound social analysis, and forthright statement of issues. I wouldn't trade one of these briefs for a truckload of materials on "intercultural" education.

Among American social scientists, the work of Dr. Scudder Mekeel, of the University of Wisconsin, is remarkable for the insight consistently shown on problems of prejudice. Two of his articles: "Concerning Race Prejudice," in the October 1944 issue of the American Journal of Orthopsychiatry (25 West 54 Street, New York 19), and "Race Relations," in Mental Hygiene (1790 Broadway, New York 19), April 1945, are full of illuminating and provocative statements on the origin of prejudice. It is to be hoped that Dr. Mekeel will one day find the time to do a book-length study of prejudice.

Occasionally one comes across a document in the field of "racial problems" that gets beyond mere exhortation, pleading, persuasion, and argument, and that convinces by the completeness, the unanswerable symmetry of its logic. An idea,

ROUND-UP

it seems to me, is to be distinguished from an "opinion" by this very quality of symmetry. It stands on its own feet, so to speak, and, from whatever angle or perspective it is viewed, it still looks good. Such a document—and I cannot recommend it too highly—is Dr. Robert Redfield's recent address on "Race and Religion in Selective Admission," reprinted from the Journal of the American Association of Collegiate Registrars (Miami University, Oxford, Ohio). For here is an absolutely convincing demolition—and a complete demolition—of the shoddy reasoning that has been used for so many years to justify the "quota" system.

No summarization of this address could possibly be adequate, but a few comments may indicate its forceful character. Since 17 states by law deny the right to colleges to admit Negroes with white students, Dr. Redfield first raises the pertinent question: are the colleges, in these states, powerless to do anything about the denial? And this in turn leads to the question: what is the relation between law and mores? Does such an arbitrary law really reflect the mores of the people? Here is his answer, and it should be emblazoned in billboards wherever this old saw about "the mores" is raised:

"Legislation and administration express the mores, but it is also true that they make the mores. A courageous act by a legislature or by an administrator, whether in a public or a private institution, that is consistent with the national principle of equality as among men, changes the mores to make them by some degree more nearly consistent with the principle. The mores are not extra-human pressures, like the weight of the atmosphere or the pull of gravity. They are not something external to the wishes and sentiments of men. They are the wishes and sentiments of men (so far as imbued by a sense of rightness), and men change their wishes

and their sentiments in response to what other men do and in response to what they themselves do. If one man or one institution takes a public position against racial prejudice so as to make effective an equality as among racial groups that was before denied, that act gives encouragement to all others whose attitudes inclined toward equality and justice but who were held from acting in accordance with their inclination by uncertainty or timidity or other causes. As a result, some of these will now act on their convictions; others will then be in their turn encouraged, and commit themselves to justice rather than injustice by performing such acts. And, as men tend to believe in the rightness of what they do, having done what is just, attitudes of these men will have changed toward racial and religious equality and away from prejudice and injustice, and so the center of gravity of the attitudes of the whole community will have shifted." (Italics mine.)

In a later sentence, Dr. Redfield sums up the argument in this terse statement: "Whether we like it or not, our every act of discrimination or of equal treatment as between ethnic groups is an influence upon the general attitudes of the community."

Denial of educational opportunities assumes one of two forms: total denial, as by exclusion; and partial denial, as by a quota system. Dr. Redfield is entirely right in his position that, of the two methods, the second is the more indefensible. For it is invisible, informal, wholly lacking in candor, and often effected by crassly hypocritical policies and practices. Three arguments are usually advanced to defend the quota system and these are minutely examined by Dr. Redfield:

1. It is said that quotas square with similar limitations in our society. In other words, since we have a certain number of Jews, of Catholics, and of Negroes, we

should have a certain number of Jewish doctors, Catholic lawyers, and Negro dentists. But, as Dr. Redfield says, "to apply the quota on the ground that the specialists in the nation should have ethnic origins corresponding to the numbers of such groups in the population is to deny the American assumption that men of all religious and all ethnic origins may come to acquire the capacities for carrying on the common life." Furthermore, it assumes that Jewish lawyers will serve only Jewish clients, etc., an assumption that simply does not exist in reality.

2. It is said that a quota system is necessary to preserve some quality of a particular institution, as being primarily "Christian" or "Baptist" or "non-urban." But this assumes that the character of these institutions is unchangeable; that they are not and should not be responsive to changing patterns in the society of which they are a part. There is not a denominational institution in America that does not vociferously contend, at every commencement ceremony, that its specialization of attitude contributes to the total American affirmation of certain values. If these institutions are sincere in such statements, then they can hardly continue a practice which is a fundamental denial of what I would regard, along with most Americans, as the central precept in our credo, namely, "that nothing granted one citizen is to be denied another by reason solely of his membership in a racial or religious group." Furthermore, as pointed out by Dr. Redfield, the quota is never applied consistently. In other words, if there is to be a quota on Jews, then there should be a quota on white, Anglo-Saxon Protestants. But has anyone ever heard a quota-defending college president argue for such a quota? Quoting Ives Simon, Dr. Redfield says that he will believe, with Pascal, in the sincerity of those witnesses who allow

themselves to be martyred. Until the quota advocates urge that a quota be established for their own group, we can hardly believe that their central concern is with the public good.

3. It is contended—witness President Hopkins' famous letter about the Dartmouth College quota on Jews—that a quota is necessary to prevent a rise in anti-Semitism. If Jews urged this argument upon non-Jews it might, as Dr. Redfield notes, have some validity. But, as he asks, "is there not something disingenuous in one, not a Jew, who contends that the Jew is his own worst enemy and that to keep him from injuring himself by pushing his case too far, he, the non-Jew, should limit the enrollment of Jews, when it is remembered that it will be the self-appointed protector's own group that will do the threatened damage to the Jew?" I would like to hear Dr. Hopkins' answer to this query. Actually it is not a mere increase in the size of an ethnic group that is likely to produce tension, but rather an increase in the success achieved by such a group. So long as Japanese immigrants were willing to work as farm laborers in California, their immigration was actually encouraged by the very groups who later advocated restriction. This assumption of a correlation between the intensity of prejudice and the size of the particular ethnic group singled out for discrimination needs to be critically examined.

To Dr. Redfield's superb analysis of the quota system, I would add only a footnote. One of the most frequently advanced arguments in defense of the quota system is that an institution must preserve, not some special quality, as he suggests, but its *representative* character. In other words, it is argued that an institution like Columbia University must attract students from every section of the country and from every class and ethnic

group if it is to be truly representative. Therefore it must maintain a quota to insure its representative character. The answer to this—perhaps the most plausible of the numerous rationalizations advanced to defend the quota system—was provided years ago by Horace M. Kallen. Which is the more truly American institution, he asked, the one that enrolls a numerically approximate cross section of students or the one that remains true to the American ideal of equality? Also, there is, of course, an element of the disingenuous in this cross-sectional argument. For it will usually be found that the institution most active in asserting its democratic “cross-sectional” character is ridden with class distinctions and caters predominantly to particular status groups. So much for quotas.

A recent action of Attorney-General Robert W. Kenny of California merits nationwide commendation as an important contribution in the fight against racial discrimination. For some time, now, there have been pending before the Supreme Court of California a number of cases involving the constitutionality of restrictive covenants. On September 6, 1946, Mr. Kenny filed an *amicus curiae* brief in these cases, prepared for his office by D. O. McGovney of the Law School of the University of California. In this brief, Mr. Kenny argues, on behalf of the state, that restrictive covenants are unconstitutional. So far as I know, this is the first time in American judicial history that an Attorney-General has intervened, for this purpose, in a case involving restrictive covenants. The brief filed, furthermore, argues a highly important, and heretofore wholly neglected, aspect of the law involving restrictive covenants. The state-of-the-law on restrictive covenants can be summarized under the following propositions: 1. The United States Su-

preme Court has ruled that a city ordinance zoning residential property on the basis of race violates the Fourteenth Amendment since the ordinance represents state action. 2. State courts have ruled that so-called “private agreements,” restricting property on the basis of race, do not violate the Fourteenth Amendment, since the state is not a party to the agreement. Mr. Kenny’s brief is devoted to a close scrutiny of the assumption upon which the second proposition rests. Is it true that the state, as such, is not a party to these agreements? Obviously the agreements would be meaningless unless they could be enforced in the courts. The state is involved, therefore, in these agreements in the sense that its courts, its sheriffs, and even its jails are used for the purpose of enforcing the agreement. Its county recorders are used for the same purpose, since agreements of this character would not bind subsequent purchasers unless they had first been recorded. The doctrine that a covenant of this character once recorded is binding on subsequent purchasers is a doctrine that has been created by the courts of the state and in itself represents state action. Since the state is being used, therefore, in the enforcement of covenants, Mr. Kenny contends that a court decision enforcing a covenant represents state action within the meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment and that the covenant is therefore void. From a legal point of view, this is perhaps the most important contribution that has been made to date in the fight against residential segregation. Needless to say, for an elected law enforcement official to take such a forward position—a position he was under no compulsion to take—represents political courage of a high order.

Education for Cultural Unity is the title of a 155-page yearbook issued by the California Elementary School Principals’

COMMON GROUND

Association, edited by N. D. Myers, price one dollar. This is one of the best handbooks yet issued in the field of intercultural education. Copies can be obtained by writing to N. D. Myers, 1899 Palos Verdes Drive, Palos Verdes Estates, California. Also to be commended is a pamphlet on "The School's Responsibility for the Improvement of Intergroup Relations," based on a conference held in Los Angeles in December 1945, and issued by

the Los Angeles County Superintendent of Schools. The actual editing is the work of Mrs. Marie Hughes, a tireless and effective worker in the field of intercultural education on the West Coast.

From time to time Carey McWilliams will do a "Round-up" for COMMON GROUND of special studies, investigations, and materials in the race-relations field.

• Intergroup Education •

CONDUCTED BY LEO SHAPIRO

RECENTLY several New York papers carried a story on the new Department of Human and Intercultural Relations at the University of Tampa, Florida. George J. Talianoff, Director of the Miami office of the Anti-Defamation League, has sent us a most interesting prospectus describing the department.

This department—planned as a center for the scientific elimination of intergroup conflict—appears to be the first or among the first of its kind in the South. The president of the university, Dr. Ellwood C. Nance, is an important factor in the situation. He gives every indication of being a forthright and courageous person, and he has declared that the department was organized "for the specific purpose of aggressive educational action against the current emergence in our contemporary life of such organizations as the Ku Klux Klan." Educators, particularly university presidents, don't usually talk this way about the need for "aggressive educational action" against intolerance and bigotry. When they do, they take great care to avoid naming names. It looks from here as if Dr. Nance means business.

The head of the new department is Dr. William G. Niederland, Professor of Medical Psychology. The courses are offered especially for teachers, social workers, and clergymen and are sponsored by the Tampa Ministers Association, the Florida State Federation of B'nai B'rith Lodges, and other Christian and Jewish groups in the state.

The philosophy underlying the new unit reflects the psychological approach of Dr. Niederland and is concerned primarily with mental handicaps and problems of adjustment and maladjustment.

"The basic problem of our time," says the prospectus, "... is the fact that the rapid growth of man's technical capacities has outdistanced, outpaced and almost completely outstripped the much slower progress of man in the field of mental sciences, including political science, sociology, psychology, philosophy, and even theology. There is a widespread fear today that humanity's destiny is to be swallowed by its own machines, that modern man is heading for 'Frankenstein'-trouble. If we look at the history of Western civilization as a whole, we find that the greatest

INTERGROUP EDUCATION

progress has been in technical matters, because they are relatively free from emotional influence, mental distortion and interference; they are, as a rule, impersonal matters which the individual can understand objectively and evaluate dispassionately. On the other hand, *the least progress in civilization has been in human relations, in social organizations, in personal and group arrangements, because of the intense emotional factors and inner tensions associated with human relations.*"

There is only one answer, according to Dr. Niederland, that will enable mankind to survive—education and, if necessary, re-education. But by education is meant "a lifelong process, not merely an acquisition of knowledge," particularly in the "study and understanding of human values and relations." The department is designed to improve such relations, and "to promote sound psychological conditions within the individual himself, within the group he belongs to and in his relationship with other groups."

The program includes the following psychological and educational objectives: (1) understanding one's own personality problems; (2) understanding the personality problems of others; (3) understanding human motivations and human weaknesses; (4) clarifying the psychological factors in group relations and group tensions; (5) removing obnoxious feelings, attitudes, prejudices, resentment, and hatred from life; (6) application of scientific principles in the education and training of children; (7) application of psychology to the reasoning out of everyday problems, personal difficulties, etc.; (8) development of character; (9) understanding of emotional disorders, mental difficulties, maladjustment, alcoholism, and delinquency.

A number of different activities will also be included as part of the program of the

new department. It will organize a Speakers Bureau to furnish local speakers to organizations—churches, schools, clubs—in the state. It will sponsor Conferences on Intercultural Relations, and bring outside speakers to Florida. Social workers and group workers will be trained to serve as trouble shooters, to visit local "sore spots" having intercultural problems. It also plans to offer courses for students preparing to be teachers, as well as in-service evening courses for public school teachers.

This is all to the good, and one can only wish Dr. Nance and Dr. Niederland every success. It is to be hoped that the unit will be made a part of the regular undergraduate curriculum, so that the program can become a normal part of every student's equipment and thus reach its maximum effectiveness.

There is an even more important consideration. As the department is set up at present, it is based too heavily on psychology and not enough on the other social sciences. This is understandable, but regrettable. A Department (or Division or Course) in Human Relations or Intercultural Relations loses a great deal if it does not include, wherever relevant, the data and techniques from sociology, anthropology, education, political science, and the like, as well as psychology. The desirable situation would be one in which the best people from these fields and others would help to staff a Division in Human Relations. Failing this, we hope that Dr. Niederland will call on his colleagues regularly, so that the students in the new department can comprehend intercultural relations in all their complexity and variety—and preferably, from more than one point of view, no matter how enlightened.

The Committee for Practical Democracy of the Atlantic City Public Schools

has just prepared an interesting booklet entitled *A Report of a Study on Practical Democracy*. The report is the result of nearly three years of effort on the part of twenty-one teachers from the three divisions of the schools (primary, intermediate, and junior-senior high), and was done under the direction of Arthur S. Chenoweth, Superintendent of Schools.

Although only 56 pages, the booklet has a good deal of material. The illustrations are quite attractive and well selected, with the interracial motif weaving in and out from page to page. Here one sees posters of the Institute for American Democracy—effective and stirring. Then come photographs of various pageants and groups. The sixth grade did a play called “Who Built the Bridge?” A parent-teachers association presented a pageant called “My Country ’Tis.” Grades 1 and 2 look sweet enough to eat in a piece called “The United States and Her World Neighbors.” And so the activities go: Youth Commissioners for a Day, Glee Club, Orchestra, Christmas Around the World, China Friendship Day, Saint Valentine’s Day Tea, Hanukah-Christmas celebrations, “We Who Built America” (Grades 3-6), “We Are America” (Grade 8), panel discussion on “Why Don’t We Know Each Other Better.” The booklet ends with some quotations and a brief bibliography.

There are one or two rather unusual features of the report. First of all, there is the questionnaire—and in a booklet of this kind, it comes as a bit of a surprise. Usually, in official publications, questionnaires are very general, vague, and soft-spoken; the answers are usually not presented in statistical or tabular form, but in a form highly generalized and “puffed up.” In this case, the questions are direct and forthright, and so are the answers.

The questions were circulated among

340 teachers, supervisors, and administrators in May, 1945, “to get the reactions of the teachers on the problem and to focus attention on the need for its consideration”; 179 responses, or approximately half, were turned in.

The first question was, “Have you noted any tendencies toward undemocratic relations among racial, religious, economic, social, nationality, or scholastic groups?” About $1/3$ more said “yes” than “no,” with three times as many affirmatives in the junior-senior high than in either of the other grade groups. Of the various types of groups listed, the “racial and religious” was far ahead in first place, with “social” and “nationality” trailing far behind.

Question 2 had to do with whether any progress had been made in the schools; 115 thought so, and in Question 3, 99 of these said that they had themselves used procedures “*primarily* designed to promote better group relationships.” The “procedures” are quite diverse: Ten Commandments, Golden Rule, full group participation, use of literature for intercultural purposes, use of exhibits and assemblies, open discussion in student council on undemocratic tendencies, teaching clear thinking in the social studies.

The teachers were also asked about which approach they preferred “to achieve our democratic aims”—direct or indirect. As one might surmise, 81 preferred indirect, 29 preferred direct, and 36 were in favor of both; to put it another way, of 146 who replied, only 29 favored the direct approach alone. As to which items in school “hold most opportunity for promoting democratic outcomes,” the school setup was considered the most important, with classroom procedures a close second, athletics a third, then subject matter, interschool relationships, club work, service committees, homeroom activity.

Evidence of this sort is extremely inter-

INTERGROUP EDUCATION

esting and important. The rest of the booklet is also quite good, although here and there one finds spots in the sun. The discussion of unity and diversity and of the role of minorities in America ("We should not think of ourselves as a nation of minorities") seems to accept the principle of cultural democracy, but with little enthusiasm. Quite a few of the many principles set forth may be valid, but they need more discussion; e.g., the importance of "self-reliance" (Emersonian or NAM?), the superiority of "evolution to revolution," the need for action being initiated "by those who have power and means." The booklet may well be right in all these points, but the meaning is not altogether clear.

Less forgivable, especially in a publication like this, is the rather cavalier treatment of "offensive habits and traits" of minority groups. It always seems to work out this way: if a writer damns the majority (for whose errors there is all sorts of evidence), a curious kind of fairness compels him to damn the "minority groups" in similar fashion (even if the evidence is not at hand). Thus there are a good many things said here about the need for minorities to "make an intelligent attack on the persecution complex"; or that the Negro should avoid a "defeatist attitude" and set up "industry and dependability as worthy goals." Jews are discussed in terms of "clannishness," "un-

due aggressiveness," "sharp business practices," "swagger and loudness," "taking over of . . . [a] community," "allegiance to international Jewry."

Of course, there are similar suggestions made about the majority groups, about Catholics and Protestants; and it should be emphasized that these comments are made, so to speak, interrogatively and not as declarations of fact. But even as questions, they contain clear and negative implications, almost as dangerous (and quite as dangerous, psychologically) as if they were statements of fact. After all, we are not obliged to cater to every stereotype and group image just to "be fair" and make everyone feel good. Even for such allegations by implication, there must be something more in the way of factual data than wish or myth. Where there is smoke, there often is not fire. We must still heckle such myths with Dr. Anton Carlson's persistent question, a question which is at the heart of all scientific method and critical thinking: "Vat iss the evidence?"

Despite these objections, Superintendent Chenoweth and his Committee for Practical Democracy are to be commended for having started to work on a tough job. It will get tougher as they dig into the hard rock beneath the surface. But there is one consolation: the insights and techniques, the tools, get tougher also.

• The Common Council at Work •

WAYS AND MEANS of implementing President Truman's proposal to admit to the United States its share of Europe's displaced persons are being studied by the Common Council, together with other organizations. The 80th Congress, meeting on January 3, will be asked to enact the necessary emergency legislation. Although existing law permits approximately 153,000 quota immigrants to be admitted each year, only 15.7 per cent of the annual quota has been filled, on the average, during the last 15 years. In the last 5 years only 73,754 quota immigrants have been admitted, or less than one-tenth of the total annual quotas for the 5 years. The fact that each immigrant must be charged to the quota of the country where he was born and that most displaced persons come from countries with relatively small quotas makes some amendment of the law necessary if the United States is to do its part in solving the plight of the 850,000 displaced persons who it is estimated must find new homes. Congress could either revive a certain number of the unused quotas of recent years and make them available to displaced persons, if otherwise eligible, irrespective of their country of birth; or it could authorize the admission, during an emergency period, of a specified number of displaced persons, entirely apart from our present quota law. The important thing is prompt action that will solve a tragic human problem. All Americans were moved by the courage and pioneer spirit of the 48 Estonians who, after crossing the Atlantic in small boats, were finally admitted to our country on the intercession of President Truman. There are a good many refugees, as Earl G. Harrison recently pointed out, who just can't lay their hands on a small boat

but who would nonetheless make most desirable immigrants and citizens. All Council members are urged to support legislation upholding our American tradition of asylum.

NORMAN CORWIN, whose report on his One World Award flight is printed elsewhere in this issue, will early in 1947 make a series of nationwide broadcasts based on his trip. In these broadcasts—to be made over the facilities of the Columbia Broadcasting System—Mr. Corwin will share his experiences and observations with his listeners and attempt to take them on a similar journey of understanding. This use of the radio, and other media of mass communication, to promote a wider insight into the viewpoints and needs of other countries and peoples is a chief purpose of the Council in sponsoring the One World Award.

A DINNER IN HONOR of Margaret Anderson, editor of *COMMON GROUND*, was given in New York, October 30, by the writers and artists and photographers whose work has appeared in its pages. In acknowledging expressions of appreciation and a fund of more than \$200 to be used for gift subscriptions in schools and colleges of the South, Miss Anderson pointed out that one of the things the Council has accomplished through *COMMON GROUND* has been the discovery of many new writers whose work, as a result of encouragement and publication, has reached a wider audience.

On the fall and winter lists this year, for instance, are *Yes and No Stories* (Harper) by the Papashvily's, whose earlier *Anything Can Happen* (also Harper) stemmed directly from the magazine; *Miné Okubo*, artist, whose *Citizen 13660*

was published by the Columbia University Press; Elizabeth Colman, photographer, whose book of photographs, *Chinatown, U.S.A.*, came from John Day; Owen Dodson, whose first volume of poetry, *Powerful Long Ladder*, was also a first book of poetry on the first trade list of the new firm of Farrar, Straus; and Milla Logan, whose *Bring Along Laughter* comes from Random House in January.

Earlier books to grow in whole or in part from COMMON GROUND include Marie Syrkin's *Your School: Your Children* (L. B. Fischer); Melvin B. Tolson's book of poetry, *Rendezvous With America* (Dodd, Mead); Roi Ottley's best-selling *New World A-Coming* (Houghton Mifflin); Woody Guthrie's *Bound for Glory* and Leon Surmelian's *I Ask You, Ladies and Gentlemen* (both from Dutton); John Beecher's *All Brave Sailors* (L. B. Fischer); Alice L. Sickels' *Around the World in St. Paul* (University of Minnesota Press); and Michael De Capite's *Maria* (John Day). Other writers who have appeared frequently in CG and were not previously represented by published volumes (so might be claimed very tenuously as "part of the family") are Lillian Smith, whose *Strange Fruit* (Reynal, Hitchcock) continues remarkable sales; Jo Sinclair, whose *Wasteland* was the Harper Prize Novel of last spring; and Frank Yerby, whose *Foxes of Harrow* (Dial) is apparently a fixture on the best-seller list.

FRANK L. AUERBACH has succeeded Marian Schibsy as editor of Interpreter Releases, the Council's technical information service on immigration and naturalization. Mr. Auerbach comes to the Council from the staff of the International Migration Service and has also been lecturing in the department of sociology and anthropology at Hunter College. He is a graduate of the New York School of

Social Work and received his doctor's degree from the University of Heidelberg. Although now living in California, Miss Schibsy will continue to serve the Council as consultant. Recent Interpreter Releases have included articles on "The International Refugee Organization," "The Problem of Europe's Displaced Persons" by Earl G. Harrison, "Immigration from Germany," "The Removal of Alien Enemy Internees," and "Passport and Visa Requirements for Tourists and the Proposed Simplification Thereof."

DURING THE PAST THREE MONTHS, the Council's foreign-language press service has stressed American foreign policy and international problems. There have been articles on "American Policy at the Paris Peace Conference," "The U.S. Delegation at Paris," "The Voice of America," "American Dependencies: Testing Grounds for Democracy," "U.N. General Assembly in America," "The Human Rights Commission of the U.N.," "Home Town of the Statue of Liberty." Among other topics covered have been "Citizenship Privileges for Alien Veterans Expire December 31," "Getting Electric Power to American Farmers," "Combating Malnutrition in School Children," "The Teaching Crisis," "The Landlord Under Rent Control," "National Parks—Remnants of the American Wilderness," "Regulating Washington Lobbyists," and "Naturalized Americans Abroad in Danger of Losing American Citizenship."

AT THE REQUEST of the Joint Committee of American Agencies on Human Rights, the Council has prepared a memorandum discussing the proposed Sub-Commissions on the Protection of Minorities and the Prevention of Discrimination, which the U.N. Committee on Human Rights has been empowered to establish.

• The Pursuit of Liberty •

CONDUCTED BY MILTON R. KONVITZ

FEDERAL JUDGE OUTLAWS SEGREGATION IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

A NUMBER of American citizens of Mexican descent recently filed suit against certain school districts and the Santa Ana city schools in California alleging discrimination against pupils of Mexican descent in the conduct and operation of the public schools. For years the authorities in Santa Ana and other school districts have compelled children of Mexican descent to go to separate, Jim Crow schools, attended exclusively by pupils of Mexican and Latin descent. The petitioners in the federal district court in California claimed that this practice of segregation was a denial of equal protection of the laws and that it should, therefore, be enjoined as unconstitutional. The parties conceded that the case presented no question of race discrimination. The record showed that the technical facilities and physical conveniences offered in the schools housing the segregated pupils, the efficiency of the teachers, and the curricula were identical, and in some respects superior to those in other schools in the districts. The only question presented to the court was if segregation *per se* constitutes a denial of equal protection of the laws. The case is unusual because it considers the constitutional aspects of segregation in public education without involvement in the question of unequal facilities. An even more notable feature of the case is the decision against the school authorities.

Judge McCormick held that the segregation practiced by the school authorities clearly and unmistakably violated the

United States Constitution. Equal protection of the laws is not provided by furnishing, in separate schools, the same technical facilities, textbooks, and courses of instruction to children of Mexican ancestry that are available to other public school children regardless of their ancestry. "A paramount requisite in the American system of public education is social equality. It must be open to all children by unified school association regardless of lineage."

The only ground upon which segregation might be defended lies in the English language deficiencies of some of the children of Mexican ancestry as they enter elementary school. In three of the defendant school districts the trustees attempted to justify the segregation policy by arguing it was not based on race differences but, rather, on language differences: the trustees required non-English-speaking pupils to go to one school and English-speaking pupils to another. The segregation was to end when a proficiency in English should have been demonstrated.

The court held, however, that even such situations do not justify the general and continuous segregation in separate schools through the sixth or eighth grades.

On the contrary, the evidence showed that Spanish-speaking children are retarded in learning English by lack of exposure to its use because of segregation, "and that commingling of the entire student body instills and develops a common cultural attitude among the school children which is imperative for

the perpetuation of American institutions and ideals." Segregation fosters antagonisms and suggests inferiority where none exists. It is interesting to note that in one of the districts involved there were two schools, 120 yards apart: Lincoln school for children of Spanish ancestry and Roosevelt school for English-speaking pupils (though no language test is given for admission to Lincoln school). The former had 249 pupils; the latter 108. The curricula were the same and the same mental ability tests were given. "In the last school year," Judge McCormick pointed out, "the students in the seventh grade of the Lincoln school were superior scholarly to the same grade in the Roosevelt school and to any group in the seventh grade in either of the schools in the past. It further appears that not only did the class as a group have such mental superiority but that certain pupils in the group were also outstanding in the class itself."

While foreign-language handicaps may require special treatment in separate classrooms, such separate allocations may be lawfully made only after reliable examinations, by appropriate teachers, of each

child whose capacity to learn is under consideration, and the determination must be based wholly upon the foreign-language impediments in the *individual child*, regardless of his ethnic traits or ancestry.

The court held that the practice of segregation violated not only the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, but also the Constitution and statutes of the State of California. "We perceive in the laws relating to the public educational system in the State of California a clear purpose to avoid and forbid distinctions among pupils based upon race or ancestry. . . ."

This decision by Judge McCormick in *Mendez v. Westminster School District* may become a landmark in constitutional law and in the social history of the American people. The decision has been appealed. If it reaches the Supreme Court and is sustained there, segregation in public educational institutions may be outlawed not only in California but throughout the country. To reach this result the Supreme Court will need to overrule several earlier precedents to which Judge McCormick judiciously closed his eyes.

STATE LAWS ON SEGREGATION IN EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

THE importance of Judge McCormick's decision, if sustained by the United States Supreme Court, can best be gauged by a consideration of the multitudinous state laws which compel, or permit, authorities to practice segregation. These laws would be unconstitutional. Let us briefly enumerate some of these Jim Crow laws.

In twenty-one states there are general education laws which compel or permit segregation. In addition, federal law permits such segregation in the District of

Columbia. In six states there are laws, in addition, relating to the Jim Crow segregation of deaf, dumb, and blind school pupils. In four states such laws are directed specifically against the blind pupils; even the blind children must be segregated. On the other hand, seven states specifically exempt blind pupils from Jim Crow laws, and in seven states the laws expressly exempt deaf pupils. It is reasonable to assume that financial considerations were not absent from the

minds of the legislators when they passed these exemption laws.

Then there are seventeen states in which the laws require segregation in the juvenile delinquent and reform schools. The District of Columbia has a similar law, but it is limited to girl inmates. In twelve states there are Jim Crow laws relating to agricultural and trade schools. Separate school libraries are required in Missouri, North Carolina, and Texas. In two states—Florida and North Carolina—the laws require that separate textbooks be used by white and Negro pupils.

Fifteen states have Jim Crow college laws; sixteen states have such laws relating to teacher-training colleges. North Carolina has a law requiring a separate college for Indians. In Kentucky, Tennessee, and West Virginia teachers and pupils must belong to the same race; this is true also in the District of Columbia.

It is to be noted that many of these laws affect private schools and colleges no less than public schools. The constitutionality of such a provision was settled in 1908 in a case involving Berea College. In 1904 Kentucky passed an act prohibiting corporations and individuals from maintaining educational institutions for both races. The law permitted a school to maintain a Jim Crow branch not less than twenty-five miles away from the school used by white students. The act was aimed specifically at Berea College, established fifty years before and opened to Negro students after the end of the Civil War. When the act was passed, the college had 174 Negro students and 753 white students. The college proceeded to comply with the law, whereupon the white students met at the opening of the term and drew up a resolution expressing sympathy and friendship for their Negro colleagues. Then the college undertook to test the constitutionality of the law, which the United States Supreme Court up-

held. Mr. Justice Harlan, whose name deserves to be better known than it is, dissented, saying that in his opinion the law violated the Fourteenth Amendment. If the state may forbid Negro and white children from coming together voluntarily in private schools, why, he asked, may not the state also prohibit them from coming together in churches and in Sunday schools? The right not to be interfered with in one's religious beliefs, he said, is no more sacred than the right to impart and receive instruction not harmful to the public. If, he said, the state may do what it did here, it may also forbid Jewish and Christian pupils from coming together. "Have we," he asked, "become so inoculated with prejudice of race that an American government, professedly based on principles of freedom, and charged with the protection of all citizens alike, can make distinctions between such citizens in the matter of their voluntary meeting for innocent purposes simply because of their respective races?"

Mr. Justice Harlan stated that he intended his remarks to be limited to Jim Crow laws affecting private institutions. Mr. Justice Day concurred in the dissent. (It is interesting to note that Mr. Justice Holmes, whose reputation as a liberal judge is far greater than that of Harlan, voted with the majority.)

It would be preferable to test the constitutionality of Jim Crow laws first in a case involving a private institution. Mr. Justice Harlan's dissenting opinion offers good grounds for believing that the Berea College case would be overruled. The next step would be to test Jim Crowism as applied to public institutions. But one cannot always order these things in accordance with one's trained judgment. Maybe the Supreme Court will decide the harder question first, and agree with Judge McCormick, and so overrule the Berea College decision by implication.

• The Bookshelf •

CONDUCTED BY HENRY C. TRACY

PROBLEM FOR MEN OF COURAGE

THE NEW VETERAN. By Charles G. Bolté. New York: Penguin Books. 182 pp. 25¢

WHILE TIME REMAINS. By Leland Stowe. New York: Knopf. 379 pp. \$3.50

BRANDEIS: A FREE MAN'S LIFE. By Alpheus Thomas Mason. New York: Viking. 713 pp. \$5

Three trenchant books here turn on one issue: which is, whether the world may be so organized that society can be just and free, through peaceable pursuit of a common purpose, one which men of every race, nation, and faith can adhere to. These books interlock and reinforce each other. In the smallest, *The New Veteran*, issued now in pocket size as a Penguin Special, we find: "The concept of a better world is not an idea or a dream but a matter of political necessity." The author, Charles G. Bolté, speaking for the American Veterans Committee which grew out of a correspondence circle and looks toward a larger and more permanent organization, knows the obstacles that confront us; knows them better than most civilians. He and his colleagues are men and women of courage: hence they agree on this approach. Who are they? "Soldiers, sailors, Marines and airmen, Wacs and Waves, merchant seamen, ambulance drivers and war correspondents; Democrats, Republicans, Socialists; Protestants, Catholics, and Jews; (and in civilian life) lawyers, doctors, merchants, bankers, clerks. . . ." They subscribe to the view that a better pattern for America and the world must be worked out,

and to the belief that average men and women like themselves can shape it if they work together.

A like note of urgency runs through Leland Stowe's *While Time Remains*. We dare not lose the peace. Political ignorance, common among our soldiers abroad (described by a British officer as the best equipped and the least informed of the allied forces), high-lighted in the mind of this war correspondent the need for swift action to spread real knowledge of world problems among veterans and civilians alike. He notes among the handicaps from which we suffer in our new role as the world's greatest power, not merely lack of experience in handling world affairs, but "a curious aversion of a majority of Americans to political ideas," along with "a widespread assumption that technological and material progress automatically constitutes political progress." Readers of his book will find much of the prevailing ignorance about Europe dispelled; will understand the swing toward socialism of which they have read; will have a clearer idea of what we mean by democracy; a far more realistic notion of what Russia stands for, and of the nature and working of the Soviet system and of a power to whose continued existence we have to adjust ourselves, whether we like it or not.

It might be thought that Louis Brandeis, whose achievement Professor Mason so admirably unfolds in *Brandeis: A Free Man's Life*, stands only for what one man of courage can accomplish alone. In a sense this is true. He fought railroad magnates singlehanded; challenged Pier-

pont Morgan; caused the Supreme Court—by his mastery of the facts and presentation of the evidence—to recede in the case of the 10-hour-law for women, in Oregon, from the position that had been taken earlier in a similar case for New York. But in the causes for which he acted as people's attorney—stubborn ones lasting up to seven years—he used all available help from private persons, organizations, the press, and public opinion, to press the case. Too, he urged people

to think: "Intelligence is not a heaven-born gift . . . it is earned." He sought to persuade others in his profession to work for the common good: "Able lawyers, adjuncts of great corporations . . . have neglected the obligation to use their powers for the protection of the people." Having freed himself, Brandeis made it his life work to help others to become economically and politically free. No more inspiring chronicle of one man's life effort can be found on this year's list.

CLARIFYING OUR CONSCIENCE

Reading Buell G. Gallagher's *Color and Conscience* (Harper. \$2.50), one realizes how dim and ineffective a thing the public conscience can be when it has no sound ethical background, no clear definition of the facts. The special value of this book is that it brings the whole matter of race distinctions and attitudes toward them into clear light as they exist today. Along with that, it exposes a caste system that operates throughout the world, supported (often unconsciously) by a blurred conscience and by stereotypes of belief that have been accepted by unthinking persons from the class or group to which they belong. Such pressures cannot be resisted unless one knows how to frame a better pattern. Members of the "white race" become mass victims of a stupid set of axioms that stultify behavior. We have here a good guide for combatting the caste system and controlling its effects.

Margaret Halsey's *Color Blind* (Simon & Schuster. \$2.50) is by all odds the most provocative thing in print on color prejudice and how to take it. Those who have read her smash hit, *With Malice Toward Some*, will expect humor. It's here, but only to spice some of the wisest, frankest

writing on Negro-white relations that has ever been done—for folks who never read a treatise but are reading this in happy hordes. The book is a knockout. As an instance of the *aplomb* with which Miss Halsey tackles any "delicate" subject, here is her comment on what the word "trouble" suggests when used by timid souls to warn against the no-discrimination policy as practiced for four years in an interracial canteen: "a vision or fantasy of millions of beautiful white girls being seduced by Negro men with the machine-like regularity of a sexual Willow Run. Whereupon each beautiful white girl produces—almost instantly, too—a coal-black baby with purple high lights." The correction for that fantasy is even better, but the brief quote will have to serve.

Dorothy Baruch's *Glass House of Prejudice* (William Morrow. \$2.50) is particularly timely and valuable because it condenses into short, hard-hitting chapters corrective knowledge hitherto spread over a wide range of reading, all of it sound and authoritative. In three parts, it covers, I, Effects of Prejudice; II, Causes of Prejudice; III, Cures for Prejudice. But these correctives are pointed, all

the way through, by concrete examples of the effects of ignorance or disregard of them, and by illustrations of the results when right attitudes are understood and put to work. These results as here reported are often happy and reassuring. Dr. Baruch's own experience as a consulting psychologist helps her give her readers real insight into the ways of prejudice and the ways of cure.

If you have never blushed for the behavior of your countrymen, read *Boy From Nebraska* by Ralph Martin (Harper. \$2.50) and blush scarlet for the insensate vulgarity of the barracks crowd who would talk loudly about "damned Chinks" or "yellow Japs" when an enlisted soldier entered, and treat him like an outcast throughout the period of his stay. That was the rule; a friendly word was the exception. Martin, who was a combat correspondent, wrote this story of Ben Kuroki—American citizen of Japanese descent—because, as Bill Mauldin puts it in his Introduction, "He (the author) is one of those who came home and received one hell of a shock when he saw that racial prejudice was growing by leaps and bounds in America—almost as fast as the armies of racial prejudice were being knocked out overseas." Ben lived through fifty-eight bombing missions (as air-force gunner) and came back to fight it out on the lecture platform with an enemy that poisons minds. The story is one of action, crammed with thrills. But as that ends and Ben, in New York, seeks for a hotel that will accept a Japanese American, we read: "No, Kuroki, the war isn't over for you."

Citizen 13660, drawings and text by Miné Okubo (Columbia University Press. \$2.75), is the day-to-day account of the evacuation of one family unit under an order that removed 110,000 persons of Japanese descent, two-thirds of them American citizens, from their homes on

the West Coast and placed them in quarters constructed in panicky haste from race-track stables, or in tar-paper shacks in dusty deserts, there to be fenced in and kept under constant guard. In the brief text that accompanies the drawings we read: "The humor and pathos of the scenes made me decide to keep a record of camp life in sketches and drawings." This the young artist did, writing her comment with factual objectivity and letting the sketches take care of the contest between humor and pathos. Humor wins, making this unique record as valuable a document as it is lively. By its very temperateness and objectivity, it is a damning indictment of our wartime policy toward Japanese Americans, a telling reminder of how far we fell from those national principles we like to call American.

Not With the Fist is Ruth D. Tuck's study of Mexican Americans in a southwest city (Harcourt, Brace. \$3) she calls Descanso, a real place, midway between a small town and a large city. Descendants of Anglo-American pioneers, still holding the dominant position they assumed as by right after the war of annexation, have not outgrown the artless conviction that they are superior by nature to those who came over the southern border, no matter how long ago. For these last, the unqualified title "American" is rarely used; to the former class (or caste) the word *inter-cultural* means nothing and the whole subject of race relations is often taboo. In an excellent foreword, Ignacio Lopez says of the author, "She has 'got underneath.' We Mexican Americans will recognize it for the truth it is." He refers to weaknesses exposed for the subordinated community—like timid leadership—as well as for the dominant class. Here, as everywhere, there is much confusion and contradiction on all that concerns culture and race. A whole generation, the author points out, trained in a segregated school system, learned les-

sons "nicely calculated to nurture stereotyped thinking, prejudice, fear, and friction." Descanso has much work to do in building a "community."

Dr. J. T. Reid's *It Happened in Taos* (University of New Mexico Press. \$2.50) is outstanding as a record of what can be done to rebuild the whole framework of social and economic life in rural areas fast falling into decay. It is the story of the Taos County Project, begun in 1940 with a grant from the Carnegie Corporation, but its success hinging on the pulling together of the people themselves. This was won by months of painstaking education, by the leader of the project and his associates. The people, unlike those of Descanso above, were of old Spanish and Indian stock as a *majority*, but sunk in defeatism, the result of factors beyond their control. Once won over—notably in the case of organizing a soil conservation district—they gave themselves wholeheartedly to the work of reclaiming soil, revising crop practice, improving grazing land, stock, and all else included under "total welfare of all those living in the country," which was the end in view. With the aid of federal agencies that became available as soon as these farming folk were organized, the people did the basic work themselves. They did what few ever believed possible. Their achievement points the way to a new day in the Southwest.

Powerful Long Ladder (Farrar, Straus. \$2.50), Owen Dodson's first book of poems, reveals deep sensitivity, a versatile

technique, and a passionate flame of devotion to the mothers, brothers, sisters, friends, of his own race, the Negro. Not hate, but anguished perception of wrongs done and sufferings endured by them, inspires many of these poems. Whether Dodson writes in dialect or in a high chaste English, he unsheathes the same short, sharp sword of metaphor and creates modern, tingling, electric verse. That it is also deep and broad in its appreciation of the human spirit, CG readers will already know from Mr. Dodson's frequent poems in its pages.

Chinatown, U.S.A. by Elizabeth Colman (John Day. \$3.50) is mainly an album of photographs, and as such it would be hard to imagine any job better done. Here are the shops, streets, houses, people, and activities of everyday life. The child pictures are particularly enchanting. The clear-eyed young men and women have a forward look, and the boys are real boys. Here, too, is commerce, industry, art, the drama, and professions, all of which engage our Chinese Americans. In addition—no mere accessory, but a major contribution—we have here a fine concise account of American treatment of the Chinese immigrant and resident in the past, a clear statement of Chinatown's problems today, an analysis of progress toward a solution in San Francisco, and a world view of the outlook for this minority group. All this is done objectively by a newcomer to America, who knows no handicap of prejudice previously formed.

"THE PROPER STUDY"

When Alexander Pope wrote, "The proper study of mankind is Man," it was possible to take the sublime allegory in the Book of Genesis as a literal account of man's origin, reckoned as dating from

4004 B.C. Not till a century and a half later was his real antiquity established as fully 100,000 B.C., and today (just two hundred years after Pope) as much greater still. The significance of this slow develop-

ment of the human creature over a million years of pre-history has hardly yet begun to penetrate the average mind. George R. Stewart, no anthropologist but a keen amateur student of man's beginnings, has grasped it and, in *Man, an Autobiography* (Random House. \$2.75) unfolds it in terms any reader may understand and enjoy. Underlying his treatment is the daring concept that the author, writing "I, Man," is in a real sense one with the cave dweller of the old Stone Age (as is also the reader) and can therefore write the story as his own, take credit for early man's inventions, blame for his errors, and learn profitable lessons from his experience all along the way. We have here no fairy tale, no fantasy, but a sober interpretation of what all of human experience ought to mean. In this broadened view, racial and national prejudices appear the sheerest nonsense. The free individual, with a creative life, is seen as man's crowning (yet incomplete) achievement. Adhering strictly to the facts of science, the author (a professor of English) shows an insight exceeding that of the men who discovered those facts.

With this broadened point of view, one may read with less risk of prejudice Ferris Greenslet's *The Lowells and Their Seven Worlds* (Houghton Mifflin. \$4), which is also a study of man, but rather as member of a family and deeply influenced by its traditions. Family has always been a weighty factor in human relations, affecting both individual behavior and social organization. From Percival Lowle, Bristol merchant arriving in 1639, through eight generations of Lowells with name and fortune adapted to the American scene, members of this family contributed their uncommon talents and administrative abilities to the promotion of education, law, science, and letters. Leading citizens, they had standards of culture to live up to, and did so, uncommonly well. But an in-

dividual whose interests are too closely bound with those of family, wealth, and social standing may not readily grasp the social change-processes involved when hordes of famine-fleeing immigrants come in, eager to sell their labor and that of their families. Under John Amory Lowell, in the 1830s, the mills founded on the brilliant engineering work of Francis Lowell in 1812 were a model of labor conditions and a Mecca for travelers. Operatives Lucy Larcom and Harriet Farley founded a cultural journal that was read with amazement overseas. Farm girls thrived and saved money from their wage. But immigrant labor and new conditions changed all this and somewhat blurred the lustre of a family whose individuals still made notable contributions to their time, a roll of distinguished persons rarely equalled in one clan.

John A. Crow's *The Epic of Latin America* (Doubleday. \$5) may be taken as a study of man on the central and southern portions of this hemisphere—Indian and European—the clash and blending of their blood and cultures, and what comes of it. Steeped in the lore of archeology, deeply appreciative of indigenous folk cultures and qualities, he brings to the task of scholar and historian a breadth and insight kindling instant response in the reader. He writes: "The Indian background of Latin America is fundamental in history . . . no understanding of these countries without a clear knowledge of their native past, its greatness and its decay." His rendering of that background is superb, biologically and culturally continuous through present time. In developing his theme, the author follows the admirable plan of carrying his survey of each period or cultural epoch across the entire field, not considering each country separately. Waves of history move across the continent from the Brazilian coast to the Pacific, from Ar-

gentine plains to Mexican highlands. Tides of influence from Europe advance, recede—man-tides and thought-tides; the continent absorbs, dilutes them. A new type of man arises: the mestizo, so far a

mass man, but to be reckoned with. In numbers he far exceeds those who claim pure blood, and his emergence as a social force is most significant “in terms of Latin-American and world history.”

BEYOND THE VICTORY

Elliott Roosevelt's *As He Saw It* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$3), which is the story of the Big Three conferences which the author attended as his father's aide, is anything but technical. It is rather an informal report by one with whom the President liked to talk over each affair as it occurred; one with whom he could relax and speak his mind freely. As a result, it takes on a human aspect entirely missing from what we have read in the press and leaves us with the conviction that the spirit in which such discussions are carried on matters more than anything else. For want of the spirit which F.D.R. brought into the conferences of Cairo, Teheran, and Yalta, later ones have bogged down in a way that disheartens all of us. Written with modesty and candor, with fascinating detail, this account will give the rank and file of readers a glimpse of something better than bargaining power, threats, and suspicion, on which to build the peace of the world.

The United Nations is a handbook prepared by Louis Dolivet (Farrar, Straus. \$1.75) to acquaint people with the nature and purpose of the organization on which world security now depends. As he makes clear political leaders and commentators have made so much of what the United Nations is not or cannot do that we are losing sight of what that organization actually is and can accomplish provided it holds together and has the support (as Trygve Lie says in his preface) “of

individual men and women throughout the world.” This handbook is therefore brought out to meet the needs of the average citizen who feels some sense of responsibility for the success of this union of fifty-one states “to promote human rights for all without distinction as to race, sex, language or religion.”

Nothing to Fear, the title chosen for Franklin Roosevelt's selected addresses, edited by B. D. Zevin (Houghton Mifflin. \$3.75) comes of course from the first inaugural address in 1933: “The only thing we have to fear is fear itself—nameless, unreasoning, unjustified terror which paralyzes needed efforts to convert retreat into advance.” Not that these addresses were calculated to encourage a false sense of security in his listeners. In his fireside talk on national defense, May 26, 1940, he spoke of the peril that beset this country with the collapse of the French and English forces, the invasion of France and the threat to Britain; it meant that many had lost the illusion that we were remote and isolated from the calamity that had overwhelmed Europe and, with this rude awakening, he said, “has come fear, bordering on panic.” But, added F.D.R., “I did not share these illusions. I do not share these fears.” Countless similar utterances, all through these talks and addresses, refute the charge that F.D.R. ever promoted false confidence; they prove, rather, that he fostered a courage based on realistic understanding of the facts.

That courage is desperately needed today, in the disillusion following the war, when we are faced with problems that force can never solve.

Louis Adamic's *Dinner at the White House* (Harper. \$2.50) gives us an intimate account of an episode in which two great leaders, the President and Mr. Churchill (his dinner guest), met in friendly intercourse under which were tensions that a close observer could detect. These, and the cause of them, are here brought out in an analysis that penetrates motivations that surface amity could not wholly mask.

Where Are We Heading? by Sumner Welles (Harper. \$3), discussing peace-

making, progress toward a world order, the inter-American system, Near East shadows, and the nationalist surge in Asia—all of which involve our foreign policy—covers wide ground; too wide, perhaps, for the average citizen to approach without dismay. Mr. Welles, however, fully realizes the confusion spread abroad in the minds of world citizens by disunity apparent from the first in the council of foreign ministers in London and succeeding conferences. He makes clear the reasons for the failure of these negotiations, a disaster in which our delegation must bear its full share. This is but one of many phases of world problems and policy which are clarified here.

THE FIELD OF FICTION

Yes and No Stories, a book of Georgian folk tales by George and Helen Papashvily (Harper. \$2.50), is a refreshing shower on a field lately given too much to harsh and fighting growths under a lowering sky that brings no rain. Fiction may fight for a good cause but the novelist too often fights alone. Time was when story telling was not only a fireside entertainment but an expression of a people's life-lore, experience shared and understood by all—things suffered, learned, loved, laughed about—well told and with wisdom as a saving salt. These Georgian folk tales are just that. More, they are a participating art, as Rudi Blesh says good jazz should be. Each member of a group does his bit in the telling, amending and enlivening an old tale so that it becomes a living thing. Fairy tales, to be sure, but with a difference. "There was, there was, and yet there was not," for a start, shows a gleam of folk wisdom and a sense of symbolic

truth under the fiction that is missing in "Once upon a time." Inimitable humor, uninhibited fancy, and a sturdy contempt for stupidity as well as for cowardice are characteristic here.

On serious current fiction we have space only for annotations:

Island in the Atlantic by Waldo Frank (Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$3): a powerful novel; convincing personal and social drama with a political setting, revealing cynical exploitation of the people by the money power, against which impractical idealism has no chance.

Cross on the Moon by John Hewlett (Whittlesey House. \$2.75): the last word in exposure of back-country orgiastic revivals of white religion in Georgia and the bestiality of the "saved" taking part in the subsequent lynching of a Negro.

All the King's Men by Robert Penn Warren (Harcourt, Brace. \$3) is the realistic saga of a man of the people cor-

rupted by success and the power mania, who can lay his cynical philosophy of what is "right" or "wrong" boldly on the table and challenge any idealist to beat it.

John Fury by Jack Dunphy (Harper. \$2.50) is about Irish immigrants in Philadelphia in the early 1900s; a series of incidents adding up to a novel told in a new style, packaged prose, without quotes for dialogue and with an impact like hammer blows.

Straw in the South Wind by Donald Joseph (Macmillan. \$2.50): a novel of great distinction and fineness, intensely human in its treatment of color conflict in the mind of the cultured South. In the cleavage among loyalties, white culture is wrecked.

Homeland by Georges Surdez (Doubleday. \$2.75) is a novel of family—Swiss, on the border between Switzerland and France, living a life made colorful or hectic by an eccentric parent, and culminating in migration to the United States.

A Southerner uncovers the South

An explosive book blowing the lid off the innermost secrets of a third of our nation, and aiming at the heart of America's number one economic, social, racial and political problem. The writer dynamites wide open the South's anti-unionism, its white supremacy myth and its Ku Klux Klan terrorism.

Southern exposure

by Stetson Kennedy

► AUBREY WILLIAMS says: "Everyone who values his freedom and rights should read SOUTHERN EXPOSURE."

► WALTER WINCHELL says: "A sensational new book. Don't miss it. . . . The most devastating exposé and indictment since the best-seller *Under Cover*."

► DREW PEARSON says: "His startling, documented revelations of the native fascist elements . . . should be an eye-opener to Northern and Southern readers alike."

At your
bookseller's,
\$3.00

DOUBLEDAY

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

OF COMMON GROUND, published quarterly at New York 18, New York, for October 1, 1946.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared M. Margaret Anderson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of Common Ground and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Common Council for American Unity, Incorporated, 20 West 40 Street, New York 18, N.Y. Editor, M. Margaret Anderson
20 West 40 Street, New York 18, N.Y.
Managing Editor, M. Margaret Anderson
20 West 40 Street, New York 18, N.Y.
Business Manager, Paul Laval
20 West 40 Street, New York 18, N.Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

COMMON COUNCIL FOR AMERICAN UNITY, INCORPORATED,
New York 18, N.Y., a membership corporation.

Chairman: Nicholas Kelley; Vice-chairmen: John Palmer Gavitt, Will Irwin and Josephine Roche; Treasurer: Robert D. Kohn; Executive Director: Read Lewis.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

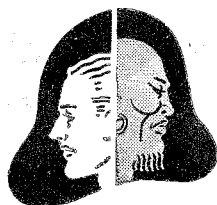
5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

M. MARGARET ANDERSON, Editor.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1946.

[Seal.]

HANNY L. COHRSEN,
Notary Public.
(My commission expires March 30, 1947.)

THE WORLD'S OLDEST ENEMIES



Can they live at peace?

• Of all pigmented peoples, only the Yellow Man has arisen seriously to challenge the White. A thousand years before Columbus, he battered the doors of Europe. Then the White Man, too, moved, expanded, became eventual aggressor in Asia. Today, these two groups stand at troubled truce. But what of tomorrow? Is there promise of permanent peace?

WHITE MAN-YELLOW MAN

ARVA C. FLOYD

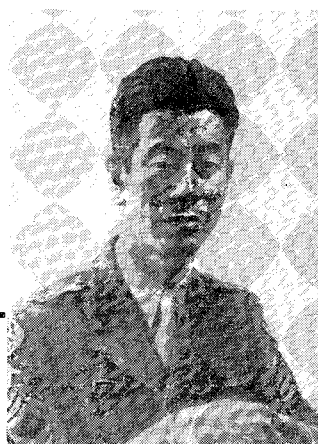
NOV. 11, '46

\$1.75

• "The causes of war are not always casualties of war," writes this penetrating author, professor of missions and Oriental history at Candler School of Theology, Emory University. He points out that the empire system and racial tensions are problems with which our generation has yet to deal. Here is an absorbing, well-balanced survey, painstakingly written from sound factual data. Ranging from earliest beginnings to our own day, it shows underlying causes of conflict, and points a course—a positive course—that can lead to enduring international good will.

ABINGDON-COKESBURY

At your Booksellers



"An excellent
story about one
of the finest
American citizens."

—Carey McWilliams

Boy from Nebraska

The story of BEN KUROKI

By RALPH G. MARTIN

Introduction by Bill Mauldin

This story of Ben Kuroki, an American of Japanese parentage, is one of the most moving personal records since Richard Wright's *Black Boy*. "Excellently told . . . this is a good book and an important one."—Charles Poore, *N.Y. Times*

At all bookstores • \$2.50

HARPER

"A beautiful and memorable book."

—Carey McWilliams



Citizen 13660

A Nisei artist's humorous and poignant word-and-picture sketches of life in a relocation center.

By Miné Okubo

"An example of human dignity by which all of us might profit."—Harold L. Ickes, *N.Y. Post*. "A delightful human document."—H. V. Kaltenborn. "... makes the reader laugh ... and sometimes blush."—Pearl Buck. "... taught me about making a point with deadpan irony."—Harry Hansen, *N.Y. World-Telegram*. "... a warmth of understanding."—M. Margaret Anderson, *N.Y. Times Book Review*. "A seething sense of outrage held under iron control."—Gerald W. Johnson, *N.Y. Herald Tribune*. "Amazingly calm and considerate."—Alfred McClung Lee, *Saturday Review of Literature*. "... biting observation and humor."—*San Francisco Chronicle*. "A valuable sidelight on the war."—Ralph M. Williams, *Chicago Tribune*. "An artist of genuine attainments ... authentic, moving."—*Pasadena Star News*.

At all bookstores • \$2.75

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

Morningside Heights, New York 27



CAMP WOODLEA—ELIZABETH COLMAN

*Who am I?
An American, of course.*

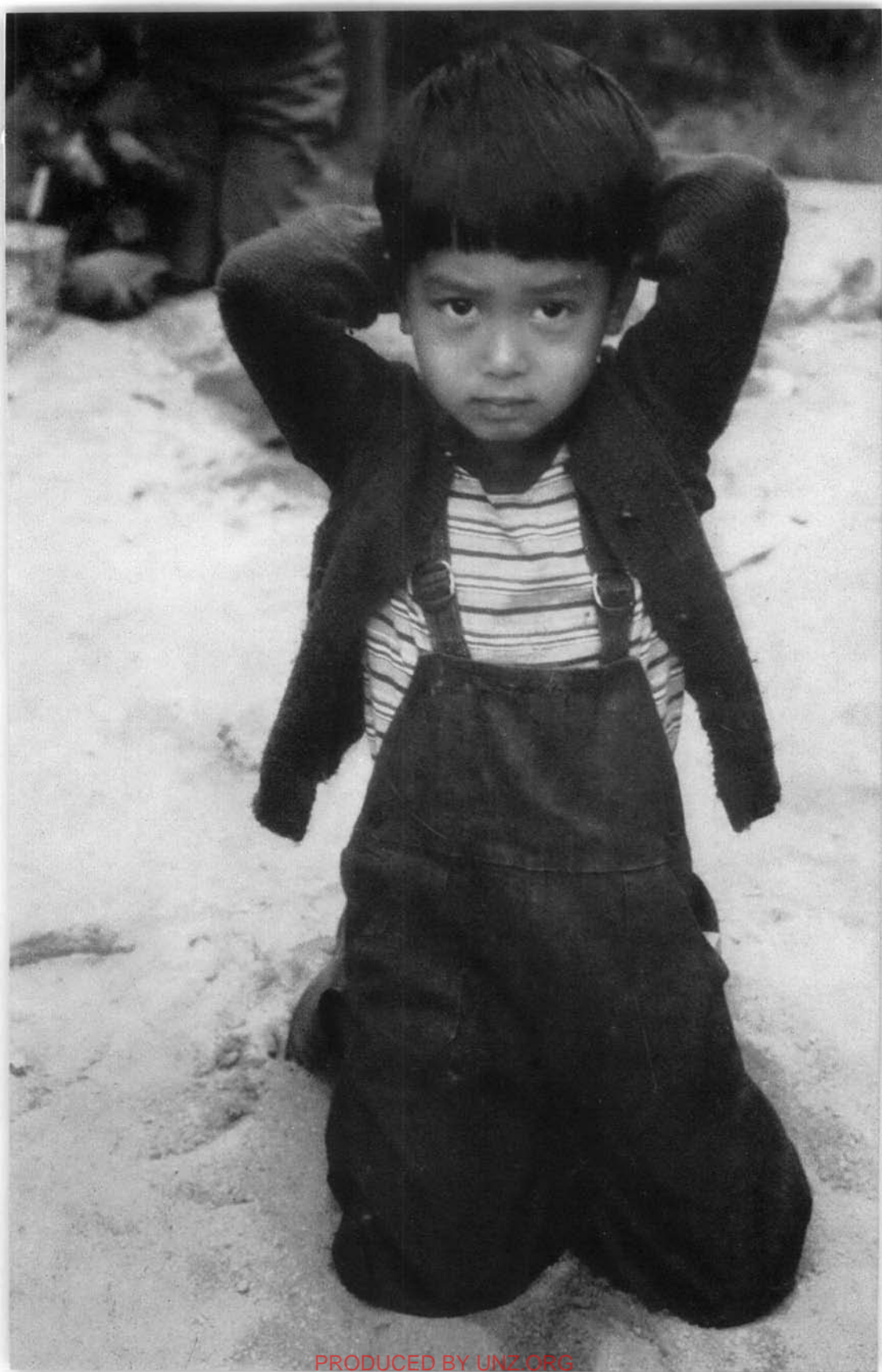


We're Americans, too.

*I'm a Spanish American
from the Southwest,*

*and I'm a Filipino
American. This picture of
me was taken at Camp
Woodlea in New York
last summer.*

PHOTOS BY ELIZABETH COLMAN



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ELIZABETH COLMAN

*I can tell you in two
languages what being
an American means.*



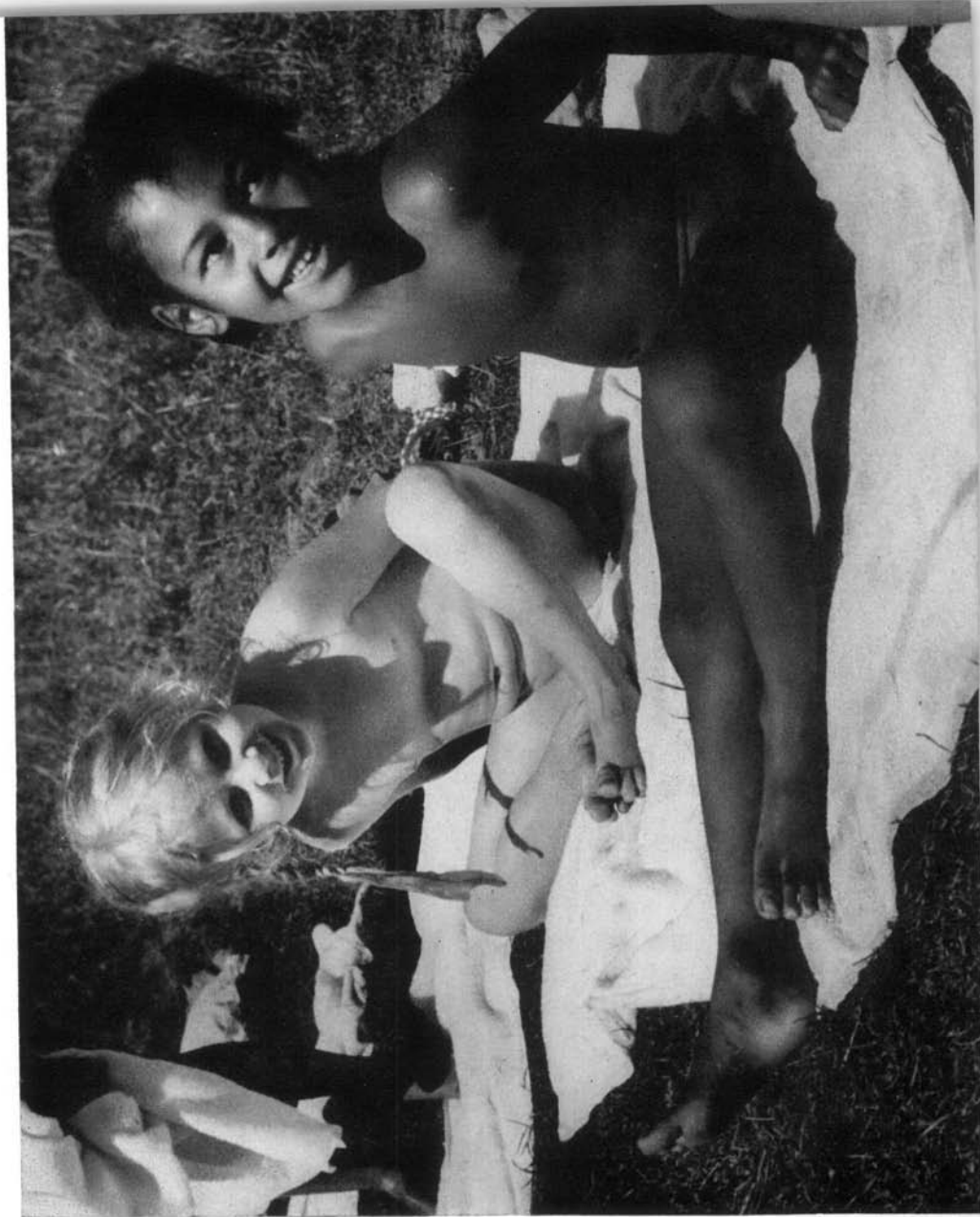
ELIZABETH COLMAN

*I live in a housing project on
Long Island where people of
Irish descent like me live with
people whose families came
from every country under the sun.*



ELIZABETH COLMAN

*It's fun being an American,
I think. Go ahead—it's
your turn.*



CAMP WOODLEA—ELIZABETH COLMAN

*Talk about fun! Camp
in the summer, and swimming
and playing together in the sun.*



ELIZABETH COLMAN

*And if there isn't camp, there's
Central Park, where there are
as many kinds of Americans
as flowers. We're going places—
together.*